

# The Messenger

"Is the Truth in Jesus."

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## THE MESSENGER.

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## Poetry.

### REQUIEM.

BY J. E. D.

"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."—Isaiah xxxv. 6.

Rest, weary feet, that slow and halting trod  
Life's short, rough path; rest till that wondrous day

When ye, upon the eternal hills of God,  
Shall run, with strong, firm step, your joyful way.

Fold, patient hands, upon the quiet breast;  
Faithful ye toiled an humble place to fill:  
Hereafter, called to do His high behest,  
Ye shall work out your Maker's glorious will.

Close, dreamy eyes, out from whose depths there shone  
Longings in this poor life unsatisfied;  
Ye shall behold the King upon His throne,  
And life, and joy, and beauty multiplied.

Peace, throbbing heart; nor pain, nor care, nor grief,  
Hopeless desire, nor powerless zeal shall more  
Trouble thy pulses. Pain shall find relief,  
And hope fulfillment, on that deathless shore.

Rest where soft shadows lie and grasses wave,  
While summer birds sing round thy lowly bed:  
Sleep when the snow falls gently on thy grave,  
And winter winds sigh hoarsely o'er thy head.

"Blessed the dead who, dying in the Lord,  
Rest from their labors." That sweet rest be thine!

Rest in the promise of His gracious Word;  
Rise in the likeness of the life divine.

—Churchman.

## Theology and Criticism.

For The Messenger.

### BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

The July number of the *Princeton Review* has an article, in many respects excellent, on the "Aims and Influence of Biblical Criticism," from which we select a characteristic passage. "Biblical science, then, is simply the science of right reason and moral honesty. There is nothing arbitrary in its methods. The principle of induction which it follows is the key of all sure knowledge." P. 30. To say the least, a very indefinite definition this of Biblical science. Is right reason the natural mind? Or is it reflection guided by faith in the inspired record of Divine revelation? If science disowns the mystery of the Divine Word in the human word, and presumes to deal with the Old Testament as an extraordinary book of human genius, it violates the first principle of sound Biblical criticism. The Book professes to be, not a mere chronicle, nor human history, but a volume recording the supernatural manifestation of Jehovah to His people. If studied at all in a legitimate way, it must be examined honestly in the light of its own extraordinary claim.

Further on we have the conception of the Bible furnished by the present advanced stage of Biblical criticism: "The Bible is not to a Christian scholar, as it has been too often regarded, a book of arbitrary teaching on all problems of doctrine, or natural science or morals. It is given for the revelation to man of the one grand fact of a personal, living God in human history; and we study

His Word, not as we do a systematic treatise, but in its living form. If in such a light we turn to the Old Testament, we have the record of a nation, the development of the national life from its patriarchal beginnings to its Mosaic legislation, its kingdom, and its later sacerdotal state. Its chronicle has on it the stamp of all early writing, from a period of crude ideas of nature and man, from a child-like style of history to a later and clearer knowledge. Its social morality has the natural growth from polygamy, slavery, and heroic barbarism to a milder type of civilization. Yet there is no less the evidence of a Divine character throughout the whole record. It is this very criticism which enables us to see this wonderful and unique feature. The knowledge of one God, Creator and Lawgiver; the pure ethical reading of the Mosaic code; the social and religious fabric built on it, and abiding throughout all the epochs of the national growth in sharpest contrast with the idolatry and vice of the people; the Providential history amidst the change of the outer world, all these stamp on the record the indelible proof of a supernatural design. Even the keenest criticism confesses this fact."

If we concur with the Rev. Dr. Washburn in all he has here so well expressed, have we done justice to the Old Testament? Is the evidence of a Divine character throughout the whole record, the wonderful and unique feature of the Book? A Divine character may be traced, less distinctly indeed, yet truly in the sacred books of the heathen. Is the revelation of one, personal, living God the grand fact of the volume? The natural heavens also declare the glory of one God. A pure monotheism, an ennobling morality, and a providential history undoubtedly characterize the wonderful book from Genesis to Malachi. But the one central truth distinguishing the Old Testament from all human books is other than Providence, or morality, or monotheism. If the Messianic idea does not underlie and pervade all theocratic institutions; if this idea does not develop and grow in the history of the chosen nation, then the Old Testament has no principle, no unity. If scientific criticism does not discern this life-principle, it has not yet advanced as far as Augustine did with the allegorical method, however correct it may be that of the language, external growth, and historical relations of the Hebrew people, we may have much more accurate knowledge than he possessed. In the Old Testament, faith discerns the Christ coming in the Seed of Abraham. If the Christ be not there, then what has the Old Testament?

For The Messenger.

### MEMBERS OF CHRIST.

The fellowship between Jesus Christ and believers, the Heidelberg Catechism declares by employing the figure of the apostle Paul. "As we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office, so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." This image is fully justified by the doctrine of our Lord: "I am the Vine, ye are the branches." The Catechism unites in its mode of representation, distinctive elements of this two-fold imagery.

Whilst using the figure of the apostle, calling Christ the Head and believers His body, the Catechism connects believers with Christ, not strictly after the image of the human body, but agreeably to our Lord's image of the vine. According to Paul, Christ is the Head, the Church is Christ's body, and believers are the members of His body. According to the figurative teaching of Christ, He is the true Vine, and His disciples are branches growing in the Vine. Both images, indeed, exhibit the same cardinal truth, that the fellowship between Christ and believers is vital, not merely moral or sympathetic. The apostle represents believers, not as the members of Christ, but as the members of the body, of which Christ is the Head. Our Lord represents His disciples as members of the vine which He Himself is. Both teach the same spiritual fact under the aspect of an organism, but under the image of the vine the relationship of believers to Christ is immediate.

Governed by the idea of the vine and its branches, the Catechism, in nearly all its teaching on the subject, declares believers to be, not members of His body, but members

of Christ. Observe the striking answer to the question: "Why art thou called a Christian?" "Because by faith I am a member of Christ." This phraseology is used again and again. In the person of the Advocate we have our flesh in heaven "as a sure pledge that He, as the Head, will also take us, His members, up to Himself." (Q. 49.) Of the ascended Christ those who believe are members. Such is the benefit which we receive from the mystery of our Lord's exaltation.

As we are taught in the 50th answer, "Christ in heaven appears as Head of His Church, by whom the Father governs all things." Here He is pronounced "Head of His Church." But in the next question, Christ is again connected immediately with individual believers: "What benefit do we receive from this glory of our Head, Christ?" "His glory is the 'glory of our Head.'" To this peculiar import of the question the language of the answer corresponds. "By His Holy Spirit He sheds forth heavenly gifts in us, His members." He does not shed forth gifts in us, the members of His Church, but in us, His members. These two aspects of the union existing between Christ and believers are, indeed, inclusive. The one involves the other. But the Catechism prefers to emphasize the deeper and more immediate aspect of the relationship. By the agency of the Holy Spirit, Christ and His people are one living communion. This living communion is His Church.

In full accord with the figure of the vine and its branches, is the doctrine of the Catechism concerning the Holy Ghost. We are taught, that the Holy Ghost, who is co-eternal God with the Father and the Son, "makes me by a true faith partaker of Christ and all His benefits." (Q. 53.) The Spirit is the bond of life-union, not between the believer and Christ's mystical body, but between the believer and Christ Himself. Partaking of the fulness of Christ by faith, as a consequence His members likewise receive all the benefits of His redeeming work. The Catechism lays special stress on the living fellowship between the glorified Redeemer and His redeemed people. Agreeably to its doctrinal teachings, this mysterious communion created and continued by the Spirit, is the Christian Church.

For The Messenger.

### THINGS INVISIBLE SEEN.

The light of the Divine shines in nature, in systems of philosophy, in the natural conscience, and in world-religions. In nature, there is a spirit, in philosophy there are ideas, in the natural conscience there is a superhuman judicial authority, and in the religions of the world there are instincts and intuitions, which pre-suppose the active presence of One other than nature and the conscience; other than metaphysical ideas and ceremonies of worship. That One, immanent in nature and in man, active in physical forces and vocal in the conscience, confronting and addressing the heart, stimulating and perpetually nourishing faith and devotion—that One manifests the invisible things of Himself to every race and nation, even His eternal power and Godhead.

## Communications.

For The Messenger.

### LITURGICAL WORSHIP IN NEW ENGLAND.

We mean in the *Congregational Church* in New England. The liturgical service for the celebration of the holy communion, as it is observed in the South church in Hartford, Connecticut, is given in the *Independent* of Nov. 6th, by the pastor, E. P. Parker, D.D. It is very similar to the service in our Order of Worship. After an opening sentence there is an invocation, the first paragraph of which is the same as the one used in our Evening Service. Then follows the reading of the Ten Commandments, with responses, then the Scripture Lesson, the Gloria in Excelsis, the Apostles' Creed, the Exhortation, the Invitation, Prayer, Terasanctus, and Consecration. It would be good reading for the MESSENGER, and we would like to see it all published on the first page, not only to show how things are moving in New England, but for its merits as a liturgical

production. Another fact: In the last *New Englander* (Review) there is one article on *Improvements in Worship*, urging the use of chants in public worship, and another on the Instruction and Culture of the Young, as a better means of building up the Church than the method of periodic revivals. We make no comments, except to say, that we are no longer standing alone among the non-episcopal Reformed Churches in liturgical worship and educational religion. Let us not fall behind in the march of progress, behind even the Puritan Churches of New England.

REPORTER.

For The Messenger.

### BUT HOW DO IT?

It is said very emphatically, that we in the Reformed Church must, at this time, make it a special matter to bring ourselves up as a body, to a generous, broad-minded liberality and benevolence. This is now the fundamental issue that confronts us, and if we fail to meet this, we must and will ultimately fail in all else. It is well to put it so plainly and positively, therefore, that no one can misunderstand it. It is exceedingly unpleasant to have it thrust before our eyes and wrung into our ears so persistently, but it can't be helped, since it is a stubborn necessity that must come before deliverance. Hence it is the part of wisdom and of genuine heroism to take things as they really are, and to join hands for bringing about the reform, which we all know is abundantly needed.

But how is this thing to be done, and who is to do it? Here we would do well to learn from our neighbors. No shrewd, practical Yankee or thoroughbred Anglo-American would long be puzzled about the manner of doing this thing. Without troubling himself about theory and rule, he would go to work at once with the determination of succeeding, and very likely success would crown his efforts. Had there been a common understanding among us all along, that wise and vigorous benevolent financiering was as indispensable and vital a part of denominational prosperity and Christian life, as the maintenance of an orthodox creed and of thorough educational religious culture, and had public opinion compelled obedience to this idea, on the part of one and all, how should we now flourish in the flow of our munificence? We love liberty, and each one likes to be free. So do the Yankees, but they combine just as readily and freely for the accomplishment of great ends as they take good care to preserve their individual rights and interests. Pastors, and elders, and deacons, must take hold of this matter and push it, and the people must be led to join hands with them, so that every man, woman, and child, will be brought into the current. In this art of individual freedom and fraternal co-operation, lies the glory of modern life, and it is worse than stupid not to see the beauty of this, and not to struggle hard to get into the very depth of the living, flowing stream.

But there are difficulties in the way, and it would be strange if there were not. Every great and good work is beset with these. Pastors have often failed, and so have consistories, congregations, and charges, in spite of the most pressing demands, and the most soul stirring appeals, and there is no sign of a very rapid movement for the better in the future. Well, if the people will not move of their own accord as they should, and as they would if they had been properly trained, then bring such a pressure to bear upon them as will bring out their latent energies, and will put them into proper practical beneficent working order. The Classes have authority in the case, and so have higher judicatories, and if this authority is brought into efficient executive shape, it will certainly help the end aimed at immensely. And where agencies of this kind are already at work, let them be strengthened by all the force that can be possibly brought to their support. And let the pulpit and the papers of the Church speak out in thunder tones, until the popular heart begins to throb with a tenfold impetus, and all will rise to the level of the great work given to our hands.

In New Jersey there is a theological seminary, under the care of one of our Anglo-American Churches, in which young men

are educated to become the pastors of German congregations in connection with the Church that keeps up the Seminary. Why are these Germans found in this peculiar ecclesiastical relationship? Is it because they prefer the creed and customs of their English patrons? Or is it because they have been driven from their native and dearer ecclesiastical home, by the poverty of our financial operations? And this is only one of the incidents lying all around us, and confronting us with the same ominous questions from every quarter. This is all the result of a state of affairs, which was as blind in its judgment as it was weak in its aims, and which can only be overcome now by Herculean efforts of a masterly kind. And is it not possible to bring the martyr-spirit of the past back into the beneficent operations of the present? Can it be, that so gifted and generous a nationality as that of the great German family, should not find it in their power to rise speedily to a full level with the demands of the situation in this country, and to make one glorious, united and persistent effort for the maintenance of their confessional continuance and identity in this broad land of the future? In view of the sacred and glorious memories of the past, must we be told, that the ability, if not the will, is wanting, and that our treasures will, therefore, continue to run low and the process of absorption will hurry us downward to a sad but inevitable doom.

I. E. G.

## Selected.

### THE VIRGIN SUPPLANTING CHRIST.

How is it, writes a French editor, that in modern Catholic Christianity the worship of the Virgin Mary has superseded the worship of her Son? If any *a priori* reasoning were possible on the subject of ancient religions, one might expect the founder of a faith to be the most constant and conspicuous object of reverence to those who follow it. A form of Christianity in which Jesus Christ has fallen into something lower than a secondary position is extremely surprising; yet it unquestionably exists, and is increasing rather than diminishing in authority and popularity. Where a religion like Roman Catholic Christianity attaches the greatest importance to external symbols, the impression of the mass of the people concerning the divine personages whom they are called upon to invoke and worship will always be determined by these symbols and not by doctrinal formulas or catechisms. What ideas, then, about Jesus Christ will be formed by the ordinary Roman Catholic through the religious symbols always before his eyes? Jesus Christ will always be presented to his mind either as an infant in a woman's arms or as a man suffering on a cross. He will be absolutely ignorant or vaguely conscious that between the birth and death thus pictured to him there lies the whole history of a life, and that this life is theoretically held by his teachers to be the ideal one. In point of fact, it would be impossible for the devout Roman Catholic to bring home to himself the narrative of the four Gospels and to remain of the same mind concerning the modern popular creed. For not only would he find that the central figure of the Biblical story has retired into the shadow in the modern version of it, but the place of this figure would be seen to have been taken by some of the obscurest personages in the Gospel narrative.

It has been said with considerable truth, that if it were conceivable that a man should begin reading the New Testament with no prejudice against it, but at the same time, with no knowledge of the violent disputes actually suggested by it, he would certainly end by saying that the personage painted in the darkest colors was Judas Iscariot, but that the personage only some degrees less favorably described was Simon Peter. One betrays and the other denies his Master; yet, while the first has become the reprobate of all ages, the last has grown into the Prince of the Apostles. The exaltation of St. Peter in modern religion is, however, more intelligible than the divinization of the Virgin Mary. For, let theologians say what they will, nothing is more remarkable in the Gospels than the fewness and obscurity of the references to the mother of Jesus Christ after the story of His birth has been given. Yet it is this shadowy personage who has now dethroned Him and taken His place. Here we have the one great object of the modern popular cultus. It is in her name that miracles are worked; for her statues are erected; round her new dogmas cluster; she alone returns to earth, and to the places of her appearance the modern pilgrims resort in multitudes. So entirely modern is she that there has been a tendency to dress her as a fashionable Parisian lady, and the Pope himself has had to reform the attire of her effigy at La Salette.—*Exchange*.



## Family Reading.

## OFFERINGS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"O SUN!" said the rose,  
 "Out of the snows,  
 Out of the frost's black prison,  
 I have arisen.  
 Thy look, Thy light,  
 Brought me to life's delight:  
 What shall I give to Thee?  
 The blood-red color of my breast,  
 My tender blush, my creamy vest,  
 My golden cup, lifted up?  
 The beauty born of Thee—  
 In splendid mystery  
 By Thee, my God,  
 Drawn upward from the sod—  
 I offer this to Thee."

"What shall I give to Thee?"  
 The heaven-blue violet said.  
 "Take these soft odors shed  
 Out of my dreaming heart  
 For my sweet part  
 Of gift and blessing,  
 For Thy caressing—  
 My very breath, O Sun!  
 For this that Thou hast done:  
 For life, for living,  
 For joy of giving,  
 I offer this to Thee."

"And I—He bade me live;  
 What can I give?"  
 The green grass sighed  
 From far and wide:  
 "Not hues divine;  
 Nor fragrance mine;  
 No glory can I yield  
 Who clothe the common field  
 And feed the lowing herds,  
 Or nest the little birds,  
 Or, grown full tall and lithe,  
 Fall low before the scythe;  
 Sweet breath nor splendid dress:  
 But my poor usefulness—  
 All that I have—  
 A grateful slave,  
 O Sun and Lord, to Thee,  
 I offer joyfully!"

—Christian Union.

For The Messenger.

## THE CHRISTIAN MASON.

In the earlier ages of the world people were very great builders. After the lapse of two, three, or even four thousand years, we can still see, in the ruins of the great cities of the East, evidences of the singular skill and unrivalled perseverance of the earlier ages displayed in the erection of those cities and Temples which were the pride of their day, as their ruins are the wonder of our own. Thebes, Palmyra, Nineveh, Babel—among these the feet of the contemplative traveler linger, while he wonders at the solidity and architectural skill displayed by those works which have bid defiance to Time. There are the Pyramids too, which they tell us were standing out against the sky when Abram passed from Canaan into Egypt. Why were they built? Were they designed for tombs for the kings, or Royal Astronomical Observatories, or "Miracles in Stone," intended to convey to generations of a far distant day a knowledge of the things which must be hereafter? We cannot tell: we can only see in them another evidence that those early people were possessed by a singular infatuation on the subject of massive building. They built solidly and for all time.

There is very much said in the Bible about building. Take a Concordance and turn to the word "Build," and its derivatives, and you will see—Noah built the Ark. The people after the Flood built the Tower of Babel. The Children of Israel, in their bondage in Egypt, made the bricks with which the Pharaohs erected their Temples and Public works. Perhaps Babylon's walls were built by Jewish hands. Moses made the Tabernacle: and Solomon built the Temple. We think of the Jews building and rebuilding the City of Jerusalem, the returned exiles in the time of Ezra and Nehemiah toiling on with trowel in one hand and sword in the other, scarcely eating or drinking or sleeping, so very impatient were they to see the walls of Zion arise again from the dust of degradation. The Savior tells of two men building, the one on the sand, the other on the Rock: the Disciples said, "Master, see what buildings be here!" We are told that we are "God's building," that our very bodies are "Temples of the Holy Ghost," and that we shall do all things to "edifying," that is, to up building. Are we not also told to look for abiding "mansions," or houses "not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens," and of that "City which hath foundations," which Abraham sought after, and which St. John has so beautifully described, "whose Maker and Builder is God?"

It cannot be without some purpose that so much time has been given and so much mention made of this subject in the Scriptures. Nor shall we go wide of the mark, perhaps, if we say that we are intended to teach us that we are by nature and construction Builders. The

early peoples could not well help erecting Pyramids and Temples and Towers, and architecture will continue to the end of Time to be one of the most fascinating of all the arts: for man is made in the likeness and image of God, and God is a great Builder. We are all builders—for Eternity. It has been said, "every man is the architect of his own fortune:" we may also add, "of his destiny too." We all belong to the Order of the Masons; we are all members of the great association for the Promotion of Architecture. Whether we be good or bad, Christian or Heathen, man or woman, child or man, we all build, and must build; some with hay, straw and stubble, alas! some with gold, silver and precious stones, making their house beautiful; some with the more rugged but enduring granite cut from the quarry of Eternal Truth, and—perhaps the kind of house we build will be the kind of house we shall inhabit forever? Maybe those mansions of which our Lord speaks we may have some very considerable share in erecting? And surely if this be so, we should see well to it that we build solidly, and that no unsound foundation be chosen, no bad material be used, no clumsy or hasty mason-work be done, but that all things should be done unto edifying. If we are erecting an edifice which ought to outlast Time, and to stand ages after the Pyramids are in ashes; if it is to be, as we are well assured it may be, grander far than any Christian Cathedral or Heathen Temple the world has ever seen, we should look well to the method and manner of our masonry. For if our house falls, it will be a great fall indeed! They say that when in a storm some giant oak falls in the forest, the sound of the crash is as the voice of the thunder shaking the ground. When some high citadel or tower is battered by the engines of war in a siege, and hangs for a moment tottering to its base, and falls, the crash must be terrific. But if a hundred Pyramids were to fall at once, the downfall would not be nearly as great as that of a single soul-house founded on the sand. They that repent not shall fall from a higher height, and to a deeper depth, than did the Tower in Siloam. Be assured, the fall of a soul founded on the sand will be as the Saviour Himself described it—"great!"

Everybody knows who is the only Foundation on which we can build solidly and well: and though we should like to dwell on this most suggestive part of the subject of Christian Masonry, we pass on to say something about the manner and method of our building.

And here, first of all, let us notice that we should be constantly at this great work. We should be building all the time, every day and hour. The Apostle tells us at one place "Whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." And he also says, "Let all things be done unto edifying." Of course we build ourselves up in our most holy faith when we go to God's house, and pray and praise and hear the Word; we build in our closets and on our knees; but this great work is to be wrought at not only then. Behind the desk and the counter, in the shop, about our work in the house, in all our daily intercourse with men, in our thoughts and words and everywhere and everyhow we should be continually building up. There are some poor souls who endeavor to build a little on Sunday, or at some funeral, or in some sorrow, when their thoughts are naturally turned toward God and Eternity; and then they leave their work to wind and weather, more being torn down by the devil in a day than they build in a week or a month, the very scaffolding rotting and falling away. We would have every man, as he goes about his daily employment, continually busy at this great work, adding a little here and a little there, and so the work will go on slowly but surely. A brick is a very small thing; but, as you watch the masons lay one brick beside and behind and on top of another, little by little the wall goes up. So, good deeds, deeds of kindness and love, a smile to a child, a favor to a neighbor, an encouraging word dropped here and there, a thankful heart toward God, a feeling of sorrow for some sin—these are small things, but then it is out of them that all Christian character is formed. Only place them side by side, and as the days go on, the wall goes up.

Let all that will not assist you or be of any real use to you in this work of building be studiously avoided. The Apostle says: "Let all things be done unto edifying"—that is, let nothing be done that will not edify. He would be a foolish Mason who should put here and there a bundle of rye straw into the wall! It were a good thing if, in all our intercourse with men, and in all that in these days so loudly demands our time and attention, we could only always keep a sharp lookout after what will and what will not edify. The world just now is wonderfully given to excitements and amusements of all sorts; much that is new is to be seen and heard and looked after and talked over every day, and we

see many Christians putting into their wall hay, straw and stubble, which not only adds no strength to what they build, but also greatly weakens all they have already built. Their wall is so weak that one may apply to it the same taunt which the enemies of the returned exiles in Nehemiah's day flung contemptuously at the workers on Jerusalem's wall: "Even that which they build, if a fox go up he shall even break down their stone wall!" It were well if people would only stop to consider the many things that now clamor for attention, and ask themselves the question, will this do me any real good as a Christian man? How will it affect me? Will it bring me any further on my way—make me any better? Will it help me to edification? Did you never see a mason come down from his scaffolding, and walk about, hammer in hand, looking here and there among the stones, now striking this one with his hammer, now turning another around and looking at it on all sides, and standing there thinking about—what? Why, whether this or that stone will suit his purpose, and work well in his wall. He is selecting his material for the next course. So, select your material; do not put everything into your wall haphazard as it may chance to come to your hand. Take your hammer in hand, and if any company you are keeping has a bad effect on you, makes you light and giddy and indisposed for serious concerns, let your hammer fall on it, and say, "it won't do." Relentlessly and fearlessly cut loose from all associations, from all books, from all employment that will not help you build up as a man and a Christian—build with nothing but with "what is good to the use of edifying."

Let not men nor devils tear down what you have already built up. Stand guard over your work. When the returned exiles were re-building the walls of Jerusalem, their enemies took immediate steps to hinder them by armed force. And so, you may be sure the Devil and his servants, whether in the form of bad angels or bad men, or false-hearted Christians, when they hear that you are trying to build up yourself, with God's help, into a Temple of the Holy Ghost, will certainly hinder you. You will never be permitted to work on in peace. And if you want to know what to do to save your work from destruction, do as the exiles did in Nehemiah's day: "They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon." For the builders every one had his sword girded by his side and so builded." They built with one hand, and fought with the other. There are two tools necessary to every man who would build solidly and securely for Eternity—the trowel and the sword.

Do not mistake the scaffolding for the building—that is to say, do not pay exclusive attention to what is outward and formal in religion, going to Church, singing, and listening however attentively to sermons, however fine. These things are necessary; we cannot get along without them—they are the means of grace, but they are no more. They are the means by which we grow in grace; they are the scaffolding, not the building. There are persons who will stand out for it, and argue by the hour to show that one form of Church government or worship alone is right and Divinely appointed, and only one denomination (which is always their own, strange to say!) can be the true Church. Poor souls! They see nothing but scaffolding wherever they look, and they build little but scaffolding all their life long. A scaffolding we all must have, or we can carry up no lofty work, and one may be better and more effectual than another, as every experienced mason knows. Episcopacy may be better than Presbytery, or the reverse—a set form of worship may be better than a free form, or the reverse. It may be better to preach in a gown than in a coat, or the reverse. It may be better to have stained-glass windows than plain glass windows in the Church, or the reverse—he assured these are but the scaffolding, helps to us on which to carry up the great work of building up ourselves into temples of the Lord God of Israel. "For the kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." "Neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." The heart is not necessarily made better by sitting every Lord's day in a softly-cushioned pew, nor by listening to grand sermons. Remember not to mistake the scaffolding for the building.

MARTYN.

TRIFLES often alienate affections, and separate Christians; self-denial is a cure for this and many other diseases: devils triumph when Christians disagree, and feast when they divide.

## LOVE AND LOYALTY.

It is no hard statute of a law book, no commandment graven in stone, that we are to obey, but love and loyalty tracing the footsteps of Jesus, and saying with Mr. Steadfast, in "Pilgrim's Progress," "Wherever I have found the print of his shoe there have I desired to set my foot also." If we rightly understand all this we shall not be troubled with the charges of legalism and asceticism which men sometimes throw out against the gospel. They say, "You preach that we must abstain from this amusement and that amusement—from play-going and dancing and cards, and thus you seek to put a yoke on men, and bind heavy burdens on us." We don't preach any such thing. Christianity has nothing to do with prohibiting the pleasures and employments of worldly men. It did not come into the world to make laws for the worldly-minded. What it does say is this. It shows you Christ denying all sin and unrighteousness, living a life of abstinence from all hurtful or questionable employments, choosing poverty and loneliness and self-denial, that He might make many rich; and it says to you, "Now if you would like to follow such a life accept it. But you are free. You will not be compelled like Simon, the Cyrenian, to bear Christ's cross unwillingly. You choose. So be sure, He says, that you cannot be His disciple unless you bear His cross. But you can decline to be His disciple if you wish. The gospel does not impose Christ's yoke on any unwilling neck."—Dr. A. J. Gordon.

## "BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME."

Two little busy hands patting on the window,  
 Two laughing bright eyes looking out at me;  
 Two rosy-red cheeks dented with a dimple;  
 Mother-bird is coming; baby do you see?  
 Down by the lilac-bush something white and azure  
 Saw I in the window as I passed the tree;  
 Well I knew the apron and shoulder-knots of ribbon,  
 All belonged to baby looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly;  
 To myself, as mother will,  
 Spake I softly, "God in Heaven  
 Keep my darling free from ill.  
 Worldly gear and worldly honors  
 Ask I not for her from Thee;  
 But from want, and sin, and sorrow,  
 Keep her ever pure and free."

Two little waxen hands,  
 Folded soft and silently;  
 Two little curtained eyes,  
 Looking out no more for me;  
 Two little snowy cheeks,  
 Dimpled dented never more;  
 Two little trodden shoes,  
 That will never touch the floor;  
 Shoulder ribbon softly twisted,  
 Apron folded, clean and white;  
 These are left me—and these only—  
 Of the childish presence bright.

Thus He sent an answer to my earnest praying,  
 Thus He keeps my darling free from earthly stain,  
 Thus He folds the pet lamb safe from earthly straying;  
 But I miss her sadly by the window-pane,  
 Till I look above it; then, with purer vision,  
 Sad, I weep no longer the lilac-bush to pass,  
 For I see her angel, pure and white, and stainless,  
 Walking with the harpers, by the sea of glass.

Two little snowy wings  
 Softly flutter to and fro,  
 Two tiny childish hands  
 Beckon still to me below;  
 Two tender angel eyes  
 Watch me ever earnestly  
 Through the loop-holes of the stars;  
 Bab, 's looking out for me.

—Selected.

## WHAT THEY DID KNOW.

In the Telooogoo country, Southern India, there is a so-called Koi tribe, one of the wild hill races of that region, whose business it is to draw the idol car at the annual festival at Parnasala; but many of them having become Christians, refused any longer to draw, whereupon a native police officer remonstrated with them, telling them they ought to assist their relatives in pulling the car. On their persistently refusing, the officer told them they were ignorant and knew nothing, to which the head Koi replied, "Well, I know I am a sinner, and that Jesus died for me, and that's something to know."

## POWDER AND PATCHES.

Why will girls who are pretty enough, insist on powdering and painting their faces, eyebrows and lashes, throwing in a "beauty" patch in an odd corner? And why will even the ugly girls imitate them? Flesh is flesh, and paint is paint, and not all the art of man or woman even, can, by any possibility, make the one be mistaken for the other. The fashion is increasing at a detestable rate, and spreads among all classes. Even girls, who hardly know the use of soap and water, can handle the paint pot deftly, and turn out of an evening in all the glory and bravery of a Sioux.

The astounding thing about this insane fashion is, that it should be so prevalent among the youngsters. Youth and health are in themselves great beautifiers, while a good heart makes the face glad. There may be some excuse for the elder sisters on whom the hand of time has been laid not too gently. When nature fails, they look as naturally to art for aid as a lame man looks to a crutch.

But in the case of girls, with all their lives before them, and time himself dancing attendance upon them—when these come up decked out in borrowed glory that disguises fair nature itself, a man is sickened, and is apt, often unjustly, to think hard things of the smiling, smirking, ogling old-young creature before him. In nine cases out of ten, the young lady's face is a fair counterpart of her mind. The surface of the one is as transparently false as that of the other. Her thoughts, tastes, desires are frivolous. She is an adept at slang, knows considerably more of men and things than her grandmother, is so free with the "fellows" that one might easily be pardoned for mistaking her character; and tries her best to make every one see that she has considerably fewer grains of sense in her head than of powder on her face. As for the "fellows," they laugh with her, "cut up" with her; but rarely under any consideration marry her. And what comes of marriages with creatures of this kind? The divorce court, and the scandal court know and tell.

Girls can be gay without being loud, and win hearts more easily by being womanly, than by playing the tom-boy. A proper reserve never injures them in the eyes of a man, and he does not undervalue them for being able to do something higher than to flirt. It is not the prettiest girl who always captures the best man, any more than it is the handsomest man who always carries off the prettiest girl. Worth seeks for worth and recognizes it when found. A cultivated mind and a pure heart work wonders with a face that would otherwise be considered anything but well favored. If the girls will only take to "making up" their minds and morals, instead of their faces, both society and themselves would be great gainers thereby.—New York Graphic.

## MRS. HEMANS.

At seven years old, an age when most girls' ideas are limited to dolls, romps and new frocks, Felicia's delight, in the bright summer days, was to climb up into an old apple tree with a volume of Shakespeare in her hand and lose herself in a world of imagination among the Rosalinds, Imogens, and Beatrices. All that was strange, weird and romantic had an irresistible fascination for her. Gwrych, as every old mansion should, had its spectre, and on moonlight nights the child, all trembling, yet eager, would creep out into the long, dark avenue, fearing yet hoping, to get a sight of the goblin. At other times, when she was supposed to be in bed, she would rise, dress herself, and steal out of the house down to the sea shore to listen to the meaning of the waves and to indulge in a twilight bath. She was never sent to school; her education was purely desultory. All the world of poetry was thrown open to her; but from systematic studies, beyond French, English grammar and the rudiments of Latin, she was wholly exempted. At seven she began to compose verses, and at fourteen a volume of these was published.

## Useful Hints and Recipes.

MISS DOD'S PROVERBS IN COOKERY.—The only kind of a stove with which you can preserve a uniform heat is a gas stove. With it you can simmer a pot for an hour, or boil it at the same rate for twenty minutes.

A few dried or preserved cherries, with stones out, are the very best thing possible to garnish sweet dishes.

Single cream is cream that has stood on the milk twelve hours. It is best for tea and coffee. Double cream stands on its milk twenty-four hours, and cream for butter frequently stands forty eight hours. Cream that is to be whipped should not be butter-cream, lest, in whipping, it change to butter.

To beat the whites of eggs quickly, put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the eggs the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and also freshens them.

In boiling eggs hard, put them in boiling water. It will prevent the yolk from coloring black.

You must never attempt to boil the dressing of a clear soup in the stock, for it will always discolor the soup.

In making any sauce, put the butter and flour in together, and your sauce will never be lumpy.

Whenever you see your sauce boil from the sides of the pan, you may know your flour or corn-starch is done.



## Miscellaneous.

## THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,  
The house so mossy and brown,  
With its cumbrous old stone chimney,  
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it,  
The trees a century old;  
And the winds go chanting through them  
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The children have gone and left them;  
They sit in the sun alone;  
And the old wife's ears are failing,  
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,  
That has soothed her in many a care,  
And praises her now for the brightness  
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bride—  
How, dressed in her robe of white,  
She stood by her gay young lover  
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,  
But the rose from the cheek has fled;  
And the sunshine still is golden,  
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,  
Come back in her winter time,  
Till her feeble pulses tremble  
With the thrill of spring-time prime.

And looking forth from the window,  
She thinks how the trees have grown  
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,  
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eyes bright azure,  
And dimmed her hair's young gold,  
The love in her girlhood plight'd  
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in their place in the sunshine,  
Till the day was almost done;  
And then, at its close, an angel  
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—  
He touched their eyelids with balm;  
And their last words floated upward,  
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed  
The unseen mystic road  
That leads to that beautiful city,  
"Whose builder and maker is God."

—Selected.

## ANCIENT CARTHAGE.

Eight miles from Tunis, bordering on the shores of the Mediterranean, stood 2,500 years ago the queen of the world—Carthage. When Rome was in its glory, Carthage had become an old city, and by constant wars, invasions and sieges from all powerful and jealous enemies, and especially from the Romans, its fate was sealed, and the haughty supremacy which it had so long held was fast passing away. The foundation of Carthage is ascribed to Queen Dido about 800 years before Christ, and it must have grown like Chicago, for in a short space of history it is said to have had between one and two millions of inhabitants, and some historians say it even doubled and trebled these numbers before its fall. The persevering Romans at last became victorious, and the great city was humbled to the dust. After having conquered, and come into possession of all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, it at last had to fight on the defensive that Carthage might be saved. The three Punic wars with the Romans covered a space of 118 years. The first Punic war lasted twenty-four years, after which there was an interregnum of twenty-four years. The second war lasted seventeen years, followed by forty-nine years of peace. The third Punic war, which terminated by the destruction of Carthage, lasted but four years and some months. Evidently, when the Roman generals took hold of the job for the third time they meant war, and made up their minds "to fight it out on that line if it took all summer."

As an evidence of the size and strength of Carthage when it was fighting on the aggressive and gaining new territory, when the Carthaginians invaded Sicily and Italy, historians say that the preparations for war lasted three years; the land army amounted to 300,000 men, the fleet consisted of 2,000 ships-of-war, besides upward of 3,000 small vessels as transports. On the day of the decisive battle (which was on the same day as the famous battle of Thermopylae, when 300 Spartans, at the sacrifice of their lives, disputed the entrance of Xerxes' army to Greece) the Carthaginian army was put to rout with a slaughter of 150,000 men, and nearly the whole invading fleet was burned. We think many of our modern battles were great, but if history is to be credited, what were they in comparison to this, which took place at Himera, near Palermo, on the island of Sicily? I have given this very short chapter in ancient history as an introductory to my visit to the world-renowned Carthage, a vestige of which scarcely remains.

A week ago six of us Americans, among whom was the American consul at Tunis, Mr. Fish, the Hon. J. Halsey, of Norwich, Conn., and three ladies, accompanied by two dragomen as guides,

in two carriages, went out to spend the day above the ruins of the city so memorable in history. It was a beautiful day; and our ride along the shores of the bay of Tunis was so romantic that it will never be forgotten. We passed through groves of oranges and lemons, and fields of olives and pomegranates. Broad plains were green with the coming harvest of wheat, and at intervals we passed Arab villages and Bedouin camps. The bay of Tunis seemed alive with water fowl. Without exaggerating we saw fifty acres of water covered with flamingoes, with pink head and wings. At this season of the year [Feb. 25th] they come to the bay of Tunis from the interior in immense flocks and stay for a few weeks, when they take their flight for the interior again. There was also plenty of wild duck, curlew, geese and a large variety of wild fowl that I never saw before.

An hour's ride brings us in sight of the relics of the old city walls, so large was Carthage, besides a sea frontage of twelve miles. But a few vestiges remain to tell where the old city once stood. The first important evidence of old Carthage that reveals itself, separate from the old city walls, is the debris and the crumbled ruins of an old amphitheatre. The circular form of the deep excavation in the ground, the circular appearance of a few fragments of tottering walls, point to it unmistakably as the place, or one of the places, where the Carthaginians had their Olympian games and their gladiatorial combats. Within the decayed walls I found the earth was composed of one mass of crumbled masonry—bits of rare marbles, mosaics, ancient pottery, small remnants of broken marble columns, Corinthian cap, friezes, etc. In fact, the whole surface of the country for miles—and I walked for miles over the plains, green with the spring wheat—was covered with these crumbled relics. Not a foot of soil could I see but what was thickly sown with the crumbled remnants of the old city. On the vast plains where the city stood, there are no trees, no buildings, and nothing but an occasional piece of crumbling masonry cropping out of the ground to remind one of the dead city over which he treads.

Ascending a long, high point of ground which crowns the landscape, we come in view of the blue waters of the Mediterranean at our feet, a quarter of a mile below. Evidences that there was once a great city here multiply. Cropping out of the earth from the hill-sides we see broken marble columns, the remains of enormous arches, and walls of masonry which have become almost indistinct and unrecognizable by the decay of over 2,000 years. The whole surface of the hills, the slopes and the valley below, have been plowed and are green with growing wheat. There is a camp of Bedouins, with their black tents, but a short distance from where we stand, and the dark, swarthy, half-naked children and women come running to us with Carthaginian and Roman coins and bits of rare marbles and mosaics to sell, which they have picked up in the fields, and among the ruins. Two or three families of Bedouins have taken possession of some openings in the hill-side, on approaching which we find them to be old remnants of arches extending underground long distances, the masonry of which was as perfect as when first built.

Going down to the valley below we come to some enormous cisterns which were discovered twelve or fifteen feet below the surface of the earth. They cover between one and two acres; the soil above them has been removed, and the long rows of arches, side by side, are exposed to the sunlight. The exhuming of these antiquities are the only evidences that I have been able to observe, where the curiosity of the explorer has tempted him to go beneath the surface for relics of old Carthage. The discovery of these cisterns was probably accidental, like that of Pompeii, but they have well repaid for all the trouble and expense in unearthing them. Descending a flight of stone steps to a depth of about 20 feet, we came to a corridor several hundred feet long, large openings out of which into the cisterns reveal their great magnitude. I had no means of obtaining their exact dimensions, but should judge they were 150 feet long, 25 feet wide and at least 30 feet deep. There were over twenty of them, side by side, all connected together by openings, so that the water could flow through them all equally.

The arches had no central supports, and were all perfect, with the exception of two or three, which had partly fallen in from the top. Leaving the cisterns, we wander back to the top of the hill, picking up on our way some fine specimens of broken pottery, painted tiles, marble, etc., with which the ground is covered thicker than pebbles on the seashore. Going in a southerly direction about a half a mile, we come to a large opening in the ground, where more

ruined arches are visible below us. Two or three of our party venture down a dangerous pathway formed by the caving in of the earth above. Here we find several large rooms, the high arched ceilings supported by marble columns. From relics and inscriptions long since discovered, it was found the rooms belonged to Queen Dido's palace, and, as one of the rooms bears evidence of having been used for baths, the place is known as "Queen Dido's Baths." The air is damp and stifling, and our stay in these underground caverns is of short duration.

There is a rich field here in the future for the antiquarian, and the fruits of research will outrival, in art and beauty and quantity, the treasures discovered by Layard, Cesnola, Smith or Schliemann. Beneath the surface the ruins of Carthage are buried, and when the regency of Tunis comes under European rule (and the time is not far distant), the wonderful art treasures of the old city will be given to the world, and will enrich many a private and public museum for ages to come. The walls which surround the city were 30 feet high, and, as I have before stated, were 30 miles in extent. The walls on the south of the city were of triple width, and at regular intervals of 500 feet were towers four stories high, between which were arched walls two stories high, and beneath each stalls for 300 elephants and 1,000 horses, with their fodder in lofts above. The remnants of these enormous towers and arched walls are still visible, and stretch across the plains as far as the eye can reach.

The whole of northern Africa bordering on the Mediterranean is one vast field of ruins. Fifteen miles from Tunis, in an opposite direction from Carthage, stood Utica, but the exact spot where it stood is lost, and Old Mortality would be puzzled to find one of its tombstones. Four days' ride from Tunis, toward the interior of the country and at a distance of fifteen miles from the sea, are the ruins of an enormous city, the name of which is lost; nor does history give any record of its ever having existed. Here are the ruins of an amphitheatre, which is still in good preservation, and which by measurement is found to be larger than the Coliseum at Rome. The shape of the building and the architecture of it are almost exactly like the Coliseum.—*Springfield Republican*.

## TOMBS OF FOREIGNERS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The tombs of the foreigners in Westminster Abbey, or their monuments, are ten in number. The first is that of Isaac Casaubon, a Luther of his time; next—and this is among the strangest circumstances in history—that of St. Evremont, who, according to Dean Stanley himself, or Atterbury, as he quotes him, "died renouncing the Christian religion." Grabe's memorial, too, is there—the memorial of a man who deserted from both Geneva and Rome, and thought he had found an abiding place in the Church of England. The Duke of Montpensier's statue was admitted for a dynastic reason, not more logical, perhaps, than will be the intrusion of the late Bonapartist prince's effigy into the historical corner, should unwise counsels prevail in placing it there. The other foreigners thus honored in their deaths and memories had each a claim of its kind upon the recognition of the world. Ezekiel Spanheim, a Genevese by birth, but also a student of Leyden and professor at Heidelberg, died in England as the representative of Prussia at the Court of St. James's. He was the Swiss Professor of Eloquence at the age of twenty, and assisted at the Conferences of Oppenheim and Spire, and the Congress of Breda. Courayer, another Luther also, in his way, was called by Dean Stanley himself "the Blanco White of the eighteenth century." Then, in the Chapel of St. Andrew, close to the Nightingale monument, lie the remains of Theodore Phalilogos, descended from the last inheritors of the Eastern Roman Empire, who fought in St. John's regiment at Naseby. The celebrated explorer of Persia, Sir John Chardin, born in France, and writing in French, has his name commemorated among the tablets of Westminster Abbey. So has Pascal Paoli, the hero of Corsican independence, though he is not buried beneath the cathedral pavement, as his remains were first interred in the Roman Catholic cemetery at St. Pancras, and ultimately transferred to a grave in his native island. Then we have, in the East Cloister, a memorial dedicated to Steiger, a young Bernese noble, concerning whom history has little to say; another to a nephew of the great Turenne, "who had learned from his uncle how to devastate, if not conquer;" and a third to Armand de Bourbon, who with the infamous Charlotte, plotted a second massacre of the Huguenots all over France.

## Selections.

No books are so legible as the lives of men; no characters so plain as their moral conduct.

We may at our peril reconcile ourselves to the world, but it will never reconcile itself to us.—*Baxter*.

As sins proceed they ever multiply; like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.—*Sir Thomas Brown*.

Men will not forever fight about mere memories. He is wisest who leaves the dead to bury their dead, and who follows the Master into the new fields of present duty.—*Governor Woodford*.

Pythagoras, before he admitted any one into his school, inquired who were his intimates; justly concluding that they who could choose immoral companions would not be much profited by his instructions.—*Dean Bolton*.

In the word of God alone are the promises that never fail, hopes that never disappoint. It is that upon which we can lean, when friends are gone, when health fades, and when the last milestone of our earthly journey is past, and when death and judgment, in all their appalling realities are close at hand.—*G. Everard*.

Poverty is the load of some, and wealth is the load of others, perhaps the greater load of the two. It may weigh them to perdition. Bear the load of thy neighbor's poverty and let him bear with thee the load of thy wealth. Thou lightest thy load by lightening his.—*Augustine*.

I want neither riches, pleasure, nor the favors of men. Having salvation through Thy blood, O Jesus, I possess all things, yea, into Thy hands, into Thy unlimited government, I surrender myself, ascribing the whole of my salvation unto the Lamb that was slain. Amen.—*Bickersteth*.

Learn to entwine with your prayers the small cares, the trifling sorrows, the little wants of daily life. Whatever affects you—be it a changed look, an altered tone, an unkind word, a wrong, a wound, a demand you cannot meet, a change you cannot notice, a sorrow you cannot disclose—turn it into prayer, and send it up to God. Disclosures you may not make to man you can make to the Lord. Man may be too little for your great matters: God is not too great for your small ones. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it.—*Winslow*.

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord." St. John i. 23. How humble, and yet how sublime! I am but a voice—meaning, in myself I am naught! What is the voice left to itself! It is but a vain sound; but here it is animated and guided in its course by God Himself. John is, then, the voice of God. In humbling himself he is exalted. Jesus, grant me to be as Thy voice, and to be only Thine. May I speak only with the view of preparing the hearts and minds of others to receive the gifts of faith and grace.

How soon  
Our new-born life  
Attains to full-aged noon!  
And this, how soon to gray-haired night!  
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,  
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

They end  
When scarce begun;  
And ere we apprehend  
That we begin to live, our life is done;  
Man, count thy days, and, if they fly too fast  
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the last.

—Francis Quarles.

## Science and Art.

WIRE BELTING.—A new belting, made of wire is said to possess many advantages for driving machinery. All the wires run parallel only across the width in such a manner that one wire catches into another like a spiral, a continuous densely-woven chain being thus produced, the mobility of which is so great as to enable it to go round the smallest pulley. The straps are also made with leather or elastic lining, or bordered with leather or elastic, hemp, hair, tape, or any other material, also its interstices filled with gutta percha to prevent their stretching. When large and broad belts are employed the lining of leather or other material may be omitted.

TUNNEL BETWEEN NEW YORK AND JERSEY CITY.—About five years ago a company with \$10,000,000 of capital began work on a proposed tunnel under the Hudson River, to connect Jersey City with New York, and make a way for railroad trains directly into the metropolis. Like nearly everything of the kind, it got into the courts, and the work was suspended. The litigation seems to have resulted in a way to encourage the Tunnel Company to go on with its enterprise, and the work has been resumed with vigor. It is understood that Washington Square will be the New York terminus, and the tunnel, which has been started a hundred feet inland in Jersey City, will be 12,000 feet long, twenty-six feet wide, and twenty-four feet high, and sixty feet beneath the bed of the river. It will be laid with heavy steel rails, ballasted with broken stone, and supplied with gas-pipes, pneumatic tubes, water-pipes and telegraph wires. Within a short time work will be begun at the New York end and prosecuted day and night, it having been estimated that the tunnel will be completed within two years. When finished it will enable some 400 trains to enter New York every twenty-four hours from the Pennsylvania, Erie, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, and the Jersey Central. New York justly regards this as one of her biggest things.

THE GREAT LURAY CAVERNS.—Dr. F. P. MacLean, of Washington, gave the Maryland Academy of Sciences the other day an interesting sketch of his researches in the Luray caves of Page county, Virginia. There are evidences of three ancient openings through which water once flowed, carrying along mud, stone and other debris, and in some of the rooms this deposit reaches nearly to the roof, being some several feet in thickness. Of these three discovered openings but one has been made accessible, and this was unknown to the

inhabitants of the vicinity until last year, although, as was plainly shown, the cave has been in some parts completely smoked over by fire, the deposit of soot being very thick. The removal of large patches of the stalagmites from the floor, to make it smooth and more easily used, show something more than accident; while the recent deposit upon the fractured rock show that a long period of time has elapsed, perhaps hundreds of years, since voices echoed through the now silent halls. Who these beings were, whether Norsemen or Redmen, remains yet to be proved by scientific research. Many bones and deposits have been brought to light; and one skeleton, that of a middle-aged male person, may throw much light on the subject. The skull of this specimen will be examined and compared at the Smithsonian Institution, and the results will be watched with much interest. Deposits of excrement containing animal bones, which occur in large quantities, were also exhibited, showing the multitudes of animals which at one time roamed in this subterranean cavity. The cave abounds in singular and interesting objects deposited from the dripping waters—stalagmites and stalactites of great size and variety. One, the Empress column, is a pure white mass of alabaster seventy feet high, reaching from the floor nearly to the roof. Another pendant formation, nearly equal to the former in length, vibrates for a minute, upon being struck, and one of the rooms, termed the cathedral, has a series of twenty slender columns, which sound part of a scale on being struck successively. This is called the organ. A great deal of work yet remains for the adventurer and the scientist, and no one can determine the actual extent of these investigations.

## Personal.

Mr. Spurgeon said the other day that now, as in the days of Luther, men stand staring at the truth like cows at a new gate.

Mr. Gladstone and Dean Stanley happening to be in Paris together a fortnight ago, went to hear Father Hyacinthine preach. Meanwhile a rumor has got afloat that Mr. Gladstone is interested in a project to establish in England a branch of the Old Catholic Church.

Mr. Spurgeon's health is far from good. On a recent Sunday he showed a lameness in walking, and during a part of the service rested one knee upon a chair. He will probably go to Mentone again this season, but he has decided to remain a month longer at his post in London before doing so.

The late Bishop Whittingham followed in his will the example of many wise and distinguished persons who have died in the past few years. He "most humbly and earnestly" desired and requested that no needless expense or parade be made in his funeral, that it be "entirely without adornments, decoration or symbol of the kind commonly used as paraphernalia of death and mourning, and that it take place where it please God that I shall die." And the good Bishop further desired what has so much more tenderness and solemnity than the ordinary fashion of burials—that necessary removals of his body "be made after the old wont, by means of a bier borne by the appointed bearers."

## Books and Periodicals.

CHILD LORE. Edited by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates. Large quarto. Full gilt. Price \$3.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers.

The editor, Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, has penetrated every nook and corner of Wonderland, and brought back treasures both new and old. Between the enchanted covers of "Child Lore" may be found not only the favorite nursery classics, Dick Whittington, Cinderella, Hop o' my Thumb, Bluebeard, Puss in Boots, etc., etc., all told in fresh and charming verse; but also the rhymes, riddles and jingles of all nations, together with many interesting notes concerning their origin. As the editor says: "Let the storms bluster as they will; let the sun hide and the days be short; have not all nations, through all ages, preserved these significant stories, and kept alive the seeds of song in them, on purpose to brighten the children's lives?"

The book is printed on the best of paper, with the best of type, and is embellished with over two hundred illustrations from the pencils of L. B. Humphrey, Jessie Curtis, Mary Lathbury, "Box," and other well known artists. The book also contains eight full-page chromo-lithographs.

INGERSOLL AND MOSES. A Reply. By Rev. Samuel Ives Curtis, Ph. D., Professor of Old Testament Literature and Interpretation in Chicago Theological Seminary. Author of "The Levitical Priests," etc. 12mo., Cloth, pp. 118. Price, \$1.25.

The only objection to this little volume is the prominence it seems to give to Robert Ingersoll, who illustrates the fact that a man's religious sense may be completely dead, while his brilliant intellect shines like a spoiled mackerel by moonlight. But Ingersoll's ribald infidelity furnishes the author of the book, who, by the way is a disciple of Delitzsch, an occasion to notice some of the mistakes and weaknesses of modern criticism upon the Pentateuch. The work will do good. It is published by Jansen, Mc Clurg & Co., 117 & 119 State St., Chicago, and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 1848, November 15th, 1879. Contents: Newspaper Offices, *Blackwood's Magazine*; The Story of a Lie, *New Quarterly Review*; Syria, Round about Damascus, *Blackwood's Magazine*; A Gospel about Goethe, in his Birth-place, *Spectator*; The Carter and Talbot Correspondence, *Saturday Review*; Lancashire Memories, *Athenaeum*; Poetry. Published every Saturday by Littell & Co., Boston.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE for December is before us, and fully sustains its reputation as a journal of attractive interesting reading for everybody. It is an illustrated work, published at 53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York. Price \$3.00 yearly; 25 cts. per number. We regret to learn, that Dr. Deems is compelled by other duties to retire from the Editorial chair.

THE PENN MONTHLY for November, which came too late for notice last week, is embellished by a fine portrait of the late Henry C. Carey, and has an appreciative sketch of the venerable political economist by Rev. Robt. Ellis Thompson, editor of the Monthly. The other contents are The Month.—Afghanistan and the Poverty of India, The English and the Irish Land Question, Will the Elections influence the South? The Eleventh Amendment and State Repudiation, A Little Conspiracy against the Tariff, A wicked Indian War, The Right to scratch Cornell, John Kelly for Governor of New York, How Mr. Sherman sold out to Mr. Blaine, Our Charity Organization Society. The Organization and Management of State Hospitals for the Insane, G. Betton Massey, M. D.; The Present Position and Prospects of Political Economy, Professor John K. Ingram; Lafontaine and his Critics, New Books, Books Received.

The Monthly is published by The Penn Monthly Association by Edward Stern & Co., Nos. 123 & 127 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia; London, Trubner & Co.; New York, American News Co.; Berlin, A. Asher & Co.



## The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,  
Rev. T. J. BARKLEY,  
Rev. A. R. KREMER,  
Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.  
For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1879.

## AGREEABLY DISAPPOINTED.

It is frequently the case, that professing Christians ask God's blessing with so little faith, that nothing surprises them more than an answer to their prayers. They invoke the Omnipotent One, but virtually limit the operations of grace, by human conditions, and expect the whole problem even of man's salvation to be wrought out upon a plane that is purely natural. The Heavenly Father must adjust Himself to circumstances, instead of overruling them, as though the laws of nature, all disturbed by intervening sin, were immutable. The psychological and physical states of men, and even the temperature of the atmosphere, can place a bound to the work of the Holy Spirit, and fix His times and seasons.

An unusually palpable case of this is presented by a correspondent of the *Christian Standard*, whom we take to be the pastor of the Wharton Street Methodist Episcopal Church of this city. It appears from the representation made in the *Standard*, that the members of the Wharton Street congregation came home this fall from Ocean Grove Camp-meeting "greatly quickened in their spiritual life," and "earnestly praying and eagerly working for a revival at home." The regular work of the pastor, however, could not be depended upon, and was to be supplemented, at least, by a "young and eminently successful Evangelist."

But this was not all. In the estimation of the *Standard's* correspondent, the heat of the city had to be reduced at least to sea-side coolness in order to justify any hope of success. But we quote from our contemporary, simply italicising a sentence or two to direct attention to a prevailing idea:

"Arrangements had been made by which we expected to have Bro. Harrison with us on the first of January. The outlook was most hopeful and promising. Every spiritual member was jubilant over the prospect of the coming spiritual prosperity. Just then, a communication was received from Bro. Harrison stating, that providential indications led him to conclude that it was the will of God he should come to Wharton Street at once and commence his labors, and that we might expect him the following Tuesday night. This staggered the faith of some. They thought it was too early in the season and that the warm weather would militate against the success of the effort. But no choice was left us, and we covenanted together to co-operate with him to the extent of our ability, in seeking to promote the work of God in our midst. Announcements for the initial meeting were accordingly made. When the evening came, we were surprised to find the church filled with a curious and eager congregation, this being Bro. Harrison's first appearance in Philadelphia to conduct a series of meetings."

The surprise of the "curious and eager congregation" is further set forth in the following declaration:

"While only three weeks have passed, two hundred and fifteen have already professed conversion, and the work seems only to have begun. With *Barnum* in our neighborhood and the thermometer ranging above 80° during the past week, there was no appreciable diminution in the attendance and interest."

Surely this triumph over the great showman and the unusually hot weather of last month, should encourage the Wharton Street people to hope, that God can bless them at one time as well as another. Their faith should also learn a lesson from a fact stated in the same number of the paper we have quoted, namely, that "Tasker Church near Wharton Street"—so near as to be subjected to the same influences of climate, is growing and

prosperous, under the faithful labors of the regular pastor. This outcome, which seemed so improbable to those, who depend upon professional evangelists and "revivals" rather than the work of men ordained of God, and set over the congregations, to minister the Word and Sacraments, will bear favorable comparison, in the long run, with the fruits that are the results of mere excitement. Our Methodist brethren are beginning to see this.

## A LESSON FROM HISTORY.

On the 20th of May, 1838, Prince Charles Maurice de Talleyrand, died in the city of Paris, leaving "Memoirs" which he ordered should not be published until thirty years after his death. In 1868, his friends thought another delay would be advisable, and now, after twelve years more have passed, his descendants have resolved to extend the time to two additional full decades, and in truth the propriety of giving his Journal to the world at all, seems to be gravely exercising his literary executors. It is said, that in this they are influenced by a desire to save some annoyance to the relatives of those public men, who held office with him and shared the responsibility of the measures of government recommended by him in the latter part of his official career; but if the friends of the abettors of ecclesiastical and political villainy must needs be spared, we may be sure that those allied by blood to the chief intriguer, have some eye to personal and family considerations.

This disposition to hold back what might now be made public, is all the more wonderful, when we remember the eager expectation with which the *Memoirs* have been looked for through all these years. We have seen it stated, that the well-known French phrenologists MM. Place and Florens, after taking a cast of the head of M. de Talleyrand, at the request of his family, immediately after his death, declared, as their decided opinion, on a full consideration of the peculiar complications they discovered in his cerebral development, that the character of M. de Talleyrand, if ever thoroughly revealed to his contemporaries or posterity, must be revealed by himself. He must have written his own life, no other man being competent to write it, that is, a life in which the ruse diplomatist should stand confessed before the world, divested of that impenetrable mental mask and domino under which the real man and his motives were supposed to be habitually concealed.

It was well-known, that for many years M. de Talleyrand had been making notes of his private opinions on public events, and that the latter part of his life was devoted to revising and putting these papers into proper shape. And it was supposed that some unknown spring of action—some considerations not generally understood, would throw light upon and justify the conspicuous and Machiavellian part he had played in the changes and chances the French nation had undergone during his life. Great and good men have often been anxious to await the verdict of future history, when the mists of prejudice and the petty bias of the day had passed away and explained motives. They have oftenest been distrustful of self, and the influences that may have warped judgment. But Talleyrand seems to have been conscious of his own weakness, and scarcely expected that wrong would be made right by the mere lapse of time, except on the supposition that all men would be so debased in morals as to fall in with evil currents, and seek to justify themselves under the cover of falsehood.

Talleyrand never was candid. He refused to explain himself. His subtle maxim was that "he who excuses himself, accuses himself," or to put the matter in a better shape, he went on the principle that no man arraigned for a fault was bound to give testimony that would criminate him. From the earliest years of the reign of Louis XVI the Abbe de Perigord was an intriguer. He could have afforded the most ample and curious details concerning the measures

secretly adopted by a dissatisfied portion of the old nobility further to inflame the minds of the already greatly agitated and much oppressed people, with the view of abasing the kingly authority, regaining under a timid and incapable sovereign the power and prestige wrested from their order by Richelieu and Louis XIV, and re-establishing a despotic aristocracy. For such are the motives that not without reason have been assigned to those high prelates and grands seigneurs who, on the day after the seance royale, which followed the more famous seance of the Jeu de Paume (June 20, 1789), separated themselves from the rest of the noblesse, formed the nucleus of the *Assemblée Constituante*, and became openly the leaders of a revolution they hitherto had secretly promoted, and whose headlong course they no longer had power to control.

It has always seemed to us that Talleyrand's main object was to disturb the order of things around him,—to break down, and destroy everything without substituting anything better in its place; but the other point he sought to establish was that the blame of his mischief was to be put on some one else. His positive work, was all negation. False-heartedness against which there is no security characterized him from beginning to end, and the statements he has left behind him are likely to be more plausible than probable, tending to confirm rather than to modify the unfavorable judgment which, with but few exceptions, his contemporaries and a succeeding generation have felt constrained to pass on his conduct and character as a statesman and diplomatist.

It is said in palliation of his character and conduct, that he was an injured and disappointed man, and this may be true. In infancy he was a virtual foundling, and a lameness he received through the carelessness of his foster-mother or nurse, was made a plea for denying him the political preference to which he was entitled, and giving him the emoluments of a Church benefice, a terrible fault, in all countries where Church and State are united, and the law of primogeniture is regarded as paramount. The scheming which made ecclesiastical officers like places in armies and navies, mere "livings," never changed the sinful dispositions of incumbents, and Talleyrand carried his over into the bosom of the Church, where his brilliant talents were used in attempts to subsidize that which was holy to personal aggrandizement. He did not scruple at anything. Language was made to conceal thought, and for awhile he kept the waters so muddy that men could not see who was coloring them. But now when more than a generation has passed away, the true source of this confusion is recognized. The long black cloak and hood which the man wore in the masquerade of his life has fallen off, and his *Memoirs*, it is asserted, add literally nothing to what is already known of that terrible drama, the great Revolution, or of the secret political intrigues by means of which the several changes were brought about in the form of government in France in the course of the first thirty years of the present century.

The lesson to be learned, is, the provoking unimportance of those who go down to history as mere selfish, devilish, scheming, disturbers of Church and State in the age in which they lived.

## A SPEECH WITH AN EDGE.

Sharp tools are good as well as dangerous, because they cut, and do the execution they seem to intend. Not so may it be said of blunt instruments. They move up and down like the genuine of which they are the counterfeit, but they do not accomplish anything.

It is the same with speeches; some cut right through, while others fall with a thud and expire. "All talk and no cider," may not be a very elegant proverb, but no one is ignorant of its meaning. A speech may be well shaped, a very beautiful thing, and much admired by lovers of fine rhetoric; and yet it may lack weight and substance, and so, after all the noise it has made, and all the applause it has called forth, it ends in vapor and smoke. Or, it may have

everything but edge, and is, therefore, useful only as a toy, a mere transient pleasure.

Some very good, almost eloquent speeches were made at the late Synod of the Potomac in reference to Mercersburg College, all on one side, that is, in favor of the college. But only one of the numerous speeches on that interesting subject had what we call *edge*, and reached the very marrow of the matter. That was the speech of Dr. J. O. Miller, who, like a brawny smith, grasped all that was said by his brethren, beat it into one iron mass, and finished it up with a keen edge of his own best steel. And this is the way he did it—and we give the information for the benefit of those who were not so fortunate as to witness the brave performance:

"Mr. President:—I will now in conclusion make a proposition to the brethren of this Synod. I propose that we form ourselves into a stock company for Mercersburg College, and that the shares of stock be ten dollars each. Of these shares I will obligate myself to take five, and if that won't do, I'll take ten. Who, now, will respond?"

That was the edge of the whole discussion. There was silence—we will not say for half an hour—for at least one minute. We hope that silence will be followed by an uprising in behalf of that noble Christian college. Up, brethren, buy college stock and save to the Reformed Church one of her most precious jewels. K.

## GOOD TIMES AND INCREASED CONTRIBUTIONS.

There can be but little doubt, but that the financial condition of our country is improving. The balance of trade is in our national favor. One hundred and thirty millions of coin, most of it gold, is now lying in the United States Sub-Treasury in New York, and the excess of exports over imports, goes to show that the end is not yet. Almost all kinds of business has revived, and from "bottom prices," the cost of everything is taking a decidedly upward tendency. The advance in stocks, and the disposition of men to spend in speculative enterprises what they have saved by economy during the past few years, gives evidence that they are looking for another era of prosperity. We have no reason to suppose that they will not repeat their former follies, and run through another decade of success to another monetary crisis. Thousands will fail to be satisfied with legitimate business. Artisans and merchants will seek short roads to wealth, as brokers and bankers, and then try to be railroad kings and so sweep through a given cycle, on to a general crash, such as has marked the history of the country in times past. The danger is that men will try to grow rich too fast, and this will lead them to invest in things of fancied value, and perhaps lose all they have. The feverish heat of Wall street, last week, was greater than at any time since the panic, and this has led sharpers to advertise fortunes which will show themselves to be airy nothing when the attempt is made to grasp them. One broker publishes the certificate of a man who says he made over nine hundred dollars in a few days by the outlay of less than fifty; and that kind of talk will beguile many a man to his ruin. The best way is to leave such things alone.

But, independent of this effort to inflate values, the country certainly is on a better financial basis than it has been since the war. The condition of our country, compared with that of England, where the crops have failed and all agricultural and manufacturing interests are depressed, should make all our people satisfied with the temporal blessings they enjoy. This in turn should lead them to increased liberality towards everything that has for its object the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. We fear that the stringency of the times has in many cases been a mere excuse for penuriousness, and that many have fallen into such a habit of withholding from the Lord, that the spell will not easily be broken. The other day, we saw it stated that some minister's salary had been raised, and this is cited by the

newspapers as an evidence of better times, because it is argued that a pastor's pay is the first thing effected by a decline of prices, and the last thing thought of when they take a rise. Surely, however, what is done for God, should not be behind that which is done in matters of a mere worldly nature, and every department of religious work should now be helped along to an extent commensurate with the increased incomes of Christ's people.

## A TRACT FOR CATECHUMENS.

The Rev. A. C. Whitmer has prepared and published, a Tract with the above title. It is intended to form an appropriate supplement to his "Notes on the Heidelberg Catechism." We have read it with a more than usual degree of interest. Its terse style, its compactness of thought, and the appropriateness of its teachings, have impressed us very favorably. A more suitable instructor and monitor cannot well be placed in the hands of catechumens, and even older persons may derive much benefit from the careful perusal and prayerful study of its pages.

The contents are presented in five parts. The first treats of the history and meaning of the rite of Confirmation; the second explains the nature of the Confirmation Vows; the third sets forth the Preparation required for Confirmation; the fourth addresses wholesome Advice to Catechumens; and the fifth furnishes similar advice to those already Confirmed. It will be seen at a glance, that we have here treated, in a brief space, the very subjects that need to be fully understood by every member of the Church. We shall be gratified to find the Tract obtaining an extensive circulation.

The Tract is neatly printed, with a plain Certificate of Church Membership embodied in it, and covers forty-eight small-sized pages. It sells at eight cents per copy, and seventy-five cents per dozen copies. F.

## OUR PUBLICATION INTERESTS.

We would remind our readers of the liberal offer we have made in reference to new subscriptions to the "MESSENGER," obtained prior to the first of January next, and also call their attention to the reduction in the price for the incoming year, made in our Sunday School Publications, as found in our advertising columns. The present is the time for active effort, and we trust all the friends of the Church will endeavor to improve it most diligently. In the case of the few subscribers to our Sunday School papers, who have paid at present rates for a part of the incoming year, a proper allowance will be made in settling for the remaining portion of it. F.

## CHURCH DEDICATION.

On the 26th of October last, the people of Emanuel's Reformed and Lutheran (better known as "Loop") church, at Tusseyville, Centre county, Pa., were favored with a special season of rejoicing. The question of remodeling and beautifying their church edifice, which has stood since the year 1837, had occupied their attention for a number of years. Not until early last spring, however, did they take courage to begin the work. A committee was then appointed to solicit subscriptions towards defraying the expenses the enterprise would involve; and they soon made a very encouraging report. This prepared the way for the appointment of a building committee, who lost no time in taking the steps necessary to begin the work at once.

Though some extra self-denial was required on the part of the people, because of the stringency of the times, and particularly, because there had been a marked falling off in the crops of Penn's Valley, as compared with the yield of former years, the work still went successfully forward under a favoring Providence, and by the time it was thought convenient to hold the dedicatory services, the work was completed.

As the result, instead of having but one room in which to hold services, there are now two: a cheerful and convenient apartment for Sunday School and other purposes, and a spacious, comfortable, and well-proportioned room, in which to hold the special services of the sanctuary. The latter is handsomely furnished, and possesses all the conveniences for carrying forward the religious services, in which the two congregations may engage.

In addition to these improvements, a beautiful steeple—starting from the foundation of the church—has been built, in which has been placed a new and sweetly-toned bell, which charms the people of the vicinity with its delightful music. What has thus been done furnishes evidence, that the gospel is not as yet an unwelcome message among these people, who delight to stand under its sound from time to time. They have manifested



their appreciation of it, by making their house of worship in every way inviting.

Services preparatory to the dedication were held on Saturday previous, at which time the Rev. J. H. Koser—Lutheran minister at Pine Grove Mills, Pa.—preached an appropriate sermon. His theme was "God's Presence with His People." On the morning of the dedication proper, the deep anxiety on the part of the people to witness the interesting services, brought old and young together from all directions, filling every available space in the house. An anthem by the choir, the invocation, singing of a hymn, and a German prayer, prepared the way for the first sermon, which was preached by the Rev. John Tomlinson—Lutheran minister at Aaronburg, Pa.—in the German language, from Psalm xxvi. 8. It was full of wholesome instruction in reference to the house of God, worship in general, and the cultivation of a pious regard for God's holy ordinances. He was followed in the English language, by the Rev. W. H. Groh—Reformed minister at Boolsburg, Pa. His text was Gen. xxviii. 16, 17. The close attention paid to the sermon by the large congregation present was evidence, that the speaker's efforts, which are always pervaded with rich and instructive thought, were highly acceptable, and not without salutary results.

The English and German portions of the congregation present having been thus instructed as to the meaning of dedicating a house of worship to the service of Almighty God, it fell to the lot of Rev. J. K. Miller—Lutheran minister of Centre Hall, Pa.—to attend to the securing of the amount still required to cover the expenses of the improvements made. This he succeeded in doing in the course of half an hour. The \$300 needed were so well secured by cash payments and pledges, that the pastors of the two congregations, Revs. W. E. Fischer (Lutheran) and S. M. Roeder (Reformed) were enabled to proceed with the dedication. This they did conjointly, and although the people were somewhat fatigued by the protracted nature of the services already held, they still observed the best of order, and gave close attention to the end of these services. All, with one accord, as it were, lifted up their hearts and voices to God, as they now offered unto Him the work of their hands for His acceptance, and for the praise of His excellent name.

The afternoon was spent very pleasantly in reviewing the past histories of both congregations, which were gathered and presented by the pastors respectively. It may be of interest to put on record a few of the facts, which enter into the history of the Reformed church at this place.

The planting of the Reformed Church in Centre county, Pa., dates back to about 1790, when the Aaronburg and Rebersburg congregations were organized. Soon its foothold extended farther west in Penn's Valley, and in 1812 we meet with the organization of Emanuel's (Loop) Reformed congregation by the Rev. Henry Rassman. Movements were on foot, however, long before this time, which prepared the way for an organization. As early as 1797, a piece of ground, containing two acres, was deeded by one William Early—whence the name Early's church—to Conrad Dillman and Christopher Henney—the former, in all probability, a member of the Lutheran, but the latter, as his grandchildren will testify, a member of the Reformed Church. In the deed, they are called "Trustees of the German Lutheran and Presbyterian congregation." We learn from this, that the Reformed Church had a representation here at that time already, though there was no distinct organization, despite its being called "Presbyterian."

Between 1797 and 1812, the Reformed element must have been in a state of chaos. Yet the Spirit of God brooded over it, and order developed therefrom in the course of time. The birthright of such heroes of the Reformed faith as Elder Jacob Keller and Christopher Henney could not be purchased so easily. The former, we learn, was mainly instrumental in procuring the services of a pastor, whereas the latter, as already stated, helped to secure the needed ground, on which to lay the foundation of a church edifice. The mooted question of procuring the services of a pastor seems to have burdened their minds for a period of fifteen years. Though the field was ripe unto harvest, the laborers were too few to extend to it a helping hand.

At last the character of Mr. Henry Rassman, then a German school-master, was discussed, and he was deemed amply fitted for the position. Though fifty-nine years of age already, he could not treat the urgent solicitation to preach the gospel with contempt. After some preparation, he was licensed by Synod in Philadelphia, and ordained as pastor of the Reformed churches in Centre county, Pa., in 1812, when holy calling he pursued until 1828, when age and infirmity compelled him to lay down his shepherd's crook.

Rev. Henry Rassman was succeeded by Rev. B. S. Schneek, D. D., who labored very acceptably until 1832, when he resigned his pastorate, and was succeeded by the Rev. Peter S. Fisher. The latter was very successful in his labors, and hence continued to serve the people of Centre county for twenty-six years, when the English element made greater demands on him than he thought himself able to meet. Hence he moved to another field, and was succeeded in 1857, by the Rev. W. H. Groh, who labored with such acceptance to the people in both languages, that they were loath to yield to the reconstruction of charges entered into by West Susquehanna Classis in 1877, which severed his relation to Emanuel's congregation.

In the summer of 1878, the present incumbent became pastor of the charge to which this congregation now belongs, and if present appearances do not deceive, it would seem, that there is a mission for him to perform, which, under the supervision of Providence, may give a fresh impulse to this congregation, so that still greater Christian activity may be developed among its members. For this we hope and pray continually. Having the spiritual welfare of these people at heart, we desire that they should more and more realize the promises of the gospel.

The first church edifice was built of logs. The time of its erection is not positively known, but it served as a house of worship up to the time of the erection of the present church, in 1837, when much of its material was used in building a school-house, which still maintains an humble existence. The present church edifice has been a sacred shrine for devoted Christians for forty-two years, when it became necessary to remodel and beautify the yet firm and substantial walls; and, now in their new dress, they may, for many years to come, be frequented by those, who love to dwell where they are made

to realize more fully God's glory and majesty.

From the facts given; it may be seen, to what extent the Reformed Church struggled, during the last eighty-two years, for an existence in this part of Centre county. Not unlike other congregations, has this one been visited with trials and sore afflictions, which were hard to bear, but which it endured patiently, under the assistance and guidance of an all-wise Providence. The emotional wave, which swept through Penn's Valley, made it difficult to adhere to the good old custom of catechization. Some of the members were actually carried away by the strange element, and found their way into other churches, whereas, the more firm and deeply-rooted members of the Reformed faith remained steadfast, and are now an ornament to the Church and the commonwealth. Then, the fact, that other congregations also were organized at a later period, which occasioned the withdrawal of some of its best material; that many deaths occurred, and a host of members moved away, reduced the membership considerably. Still, above all this loss of material, there yet remain between ninety and a hundred communicants.

One great drawback to this congregation is, that it belongs to the unfortunate class which are known as union churches. That, at the time it was organized, there was a necessity for uniting with the Lutherans, rather than be wholly deprived of the gospel privileges, is not questioned. Yet now, when both the Lutheran and Reformed congregations are amply able to have their own houses of worship, it may be a very convenient plea for continuing the arrangement, though certainly not one that is well founded to be set up, that it would be wrong to separate what had been united for almost a century. The pleasant (?) associations, that cluster around this thought are, after all, only imaginary, and we give it as our unbiased opinion, that it were far better for each family to have its own table, around which they can gather to partake of the bread of life, and to which they can even then, out of Christian courtesy, invite members of other churches to come.

One more thought. These people are beginning to take a more lively interest in our publications than they have heretofore done, and, in connection with the members of the other congregations in this charge, as well as those of other charges in Centre county, have done fully as well in giving the Agent of the Board a warm reception when he called on them, as did the membership of any charge east of the Susquehanna we have seen noticed, though they have not received any separate credit for it in a public way.

May all that has been begun, be continued and ended under the favor of the Great Head of the Church! S. M. R.

#### EDUCATIONAL POLICY.

The Reformed Church is to have a Peace Commission. Delegates have been appointed by the different Synods, and ere long they will meet to discuss the problem of pacification and devise measures for the Church's weal.

There is another problem which also merits attention at present, and which the Church must solve sooner or later,—a problem of the greatest importance. I refer to the problem of education. All our forces are divided. There is not one of our Educational Institutions in as flourishing a condition as it ought to be. Why? Because our forces have not been organized. Each section plans its own campaigns, regardless of the rest. The result is too many institutions, a scarcity of pupils, empty treasuries, languishing schools, partial and incomplete courses of study, starving teachers. Much better have fewer schools but well equipped and organized, than to have a large number of a low grade.

If we were asked to point out the principal defect in American schools of this age, we would say it is *lack of thoroughness*. This is especially true of Preparatory Schools. We need more Philipps' Academies.

Let us work together according to some common system. One or two higher institutions would be sufficient. Then let there be a certain number of feeders to these. Make both efficient, first class.

In view of these facts, why not have an Educational Convention as well as a Peace Commission? "In union there is strength." In system and thoroughness as well. Let us get together and compare ideas and methods, and adopt some plan whereby we may further the cause. So mote it be. SIGMA.

#### ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION OF A MINISTER AT MARIETTA, PA.

As has already been announced, through the columns of the MESSENGER, the Reformed Church has recently secured "a local habitation and a name" at Marietta, Lancaster Co., Pa. A little over a year ago a congregation was organized by a committee appointed for that purpose by the Classis of Lancaster. Licentiate S. P. Brown, having recently accepted a call to become their pastor, the Classis, at a late meeting, confirmed the call, and appointed a committee, consisting of Revs. E. V. Gerhart, D. C. S. Gerhard and J. A. Peters, to ordain and install brother Brown in the pastorate of this new organization. The ordination and installation services took place on the evening of November 9th, on which occasion the church was packed to its utmost capacity by an attentive and devout congregation. The sermon was preached by the last-named member of the committee, the ordination service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Gerhart, and the installation service by Rev. Mr. Gerhard.

The prospect of growth for the Reformed Church at Marietta seems indeed encouraging. The membership is gradually increasing. A flourishing Sunday School has been organized. The people all seem to be earnest, energetic, patient, and, with God's blessing, sanguine of success in their movement. May the Lord crown all their efforts for the promotion of His kingdom with the benediction of His grace!

#### FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL ACADEMY.

The following article copied from the October number of the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, edited by Hon. J. P. Wickersham, will be of interest to the friends and patrons of the Academy at Lancaster, Pa.

"We have often expressed our regret that we have not a greater number of good academies in the State. Such institutions are needed. It must be long years before the common schools in our country districts can be graded, and until they are, little instruction can be imparted in them except the elements. And yet there are tens of thousands of young

men and boys living away from cities and towns, who are longing for knowledge beyond the common branches. For these we ought to have at least twenty high grade academies established in all parts of the State.

We have done more. We have on several occasions named particular institutions of an academical character, that we deemed worthy of support. We now desire to add another to the list.

Some years ago the trustees of Franklin and Marshall College erected a large building on the college campus, and fitted it up for an academy. Since its opening it has been quietly at work, without attracting much public attention; but it is the design of the trustees and faculty to make it all that such an institution should be in its course of study, in its discipline, and in its influence upon the character of the youth placed in its charge. It is of course a preparatory school for the college, but not in any narrow sense; and parents are assured, that their sons sent to the academy will be so instructed as to fit them for business, or for the general duties of life. We commend this school, as we do all similar institutions equally well managed."

#### A CORRECTION.

The writer in the MESSENGER of Nov. 12, in speaking of the history of the Reformed congregation at New Germany, Md., errs when he says, that "congregation has existed perhaps thirty years."

There were services held at New Germany perhaps thirty years ago, but there was no organization there, and the members living in that neighborhood stood in part in regular connection with the Reformed church at Grantsville, Maryland, and in part at Salisbury, Pa., as the records of those congregations will show.

The Reformed church at New Germany was organized in November, 1859, by Rev. A. B. Koplin, under the name of Trinity Reformed Church, at New Germany, Md., and was connected with the Grantsville charge by an action of Westmoreland Classis soon after its organization.

The writer also errs when he says, that the Lutherans held an interest in the old church property. The Lutherans never had an organization there. That property was held in common by the Reformed and Methodists.

A. B. K.

#### SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

##### ABSTRACT OF PROCEEDINGS.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the Synod of the Potomac was held in the First, or Evangelical Reformed Church, of Frederick City, Md., Rev. Dr. Eschbach, pastor, commencing on Wednesday evening, October 22d, 1879. The opening sermon, as already announced in the MESSENGER, was preached by the retiring President, Rev. Dr. Kieffer.

The following members were enrolled at the opening session of Synod, to wit: *Zion's Classis*: Revs. Dr. Miller, Dr. Zieher, J. Ault, R. R. Smith, Dr. Warner, A. Spangler, R. Rahauer, Dr. Weisz, Dr. Kieffer, W. H. Herbert, A. J. Heller, Dr. Glessner, J. Kretzing, E. G. Williams, Dr. Kremer, W. H. Anders, S. F. Laury, licentiate S. T. Wagner, S. M. Kruch, and Elders Israel Lauchs, John Sellers, Emanuel Klone, Jacob G. Marsh, John Miller, Daniel Mitzel, Michael L. Emig, Andrew H. Beiler, Jacob Rickard, James E. Ross, John Hoover, Francis M. McKeehan, Henry Dietz, and Samuel R. Weaver.

*Maryland Classis*: Revs. Dr. Santee, Dr. Staley, Dr. Eschbach, W. Goodrich, S. S. Miller, A. R. Kremer, M. L. Shuford, O. E. Lake, J. T. Rossiter, N. H. Skyles, T. F. Hoffmeier, A. C. Geary, J. G. Noss, W. Rupp, L. G. Kremer, M. L. Firor, C. Clever, J. B. Shontz, licentiate H. E. Cook, and Elders Hon. Lewis H. Steiner, Joseph H. Troup, J. Taylor Motter, Ezra Willard, Wm. H. Haugh, Goldsboro S. Griffith, David H. Keagle, Christian M. Keedy, H. Wirt Shriver, John M. Hoffman, and Jacob Sellers.

*Mercersburg Classis*: Revs. W. M. Deatrick, I. G. Brown, A. G. Dole, E. N. Kremer, D. M. Whitmore, D. N. Dittmar, J. M. Schick, W. I. Stewart, D. W. Ebbert, W. C. Cremer, W. A. Gring, E. F. Bahner, H. F. Long, J. D. Miller, H. S. Garner, J. A. Reber, J. N. Peightal, and Elders Henry Mickley, Adriel Koons, Benjamin Neff, William Dice, George Dice, and Levi Bolger.

*Virginia Classis*: Revs. Dr. Callender, C. G. Fisher, H. Tallheim, J. C. Bauman, J. A. Hoffheins, B. R. Carnahan, S. L. Whitmore, L. M. Hensell, and Elders William H. Barget, John M. Nicely, John M. Stoner, and Joseph Welshans.

*North Carolina Classis*: Rev. Dr. Welker and J. A. Foil.

There were no delegates present from the Classis of San Francisco and Portland, Oregon.

Rev. Dr. Fisher, of the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, was received as an advisory member.

An election was held for President, which resulted in the choice of Rev. Dr. Santee. Whereupon, the Synod adjourned to meet on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock.

##### Thursday Morning.

The following ministers and elders appeared upon the floor of Synod this morning, viz: Rev. F. S. Lindaman, and Elders Adam D. Myers and George W. Hench, of Zion's Classis; Rev. A. Shulenberger, and Elders William Miller, Jacob H. Bowers, Peter Zimmerman, and Michael Smith, of the Maryland Classis; Revs. Dr. Higbee, M. H. Sangree, and I. M. Motter, of the Mercersburg Classis; and Revs. Dr. Martin, H. St. J. Rinker, A. J. Whitmore, and Elders John W. Yakey, Henry J. Seibert, and Emanuel Roler, of the Virginia Classis.

Rev. Dr. Weisz was chosen Corresponding Secretary.

The President announced the Standing Committees, composed of four ministers and three elders. The chairmen are as follows: Rev. Dr. Eschbach on Religious Services, Rev. W. M. Deatrick on Minutes of Synod, Rev. Dr. Warner on Overtures, Rev. Dr. Weisz on Minutes of Classes, Rev. Dr. Welker on Examination, Licensure and Ordination, Rev. Dr. Kieffer on the State of Religion and Statistical Reports, Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier on Education, A. J. Heller on Missions, Rev. Dr. Callender on Publication, Rev. Dr. Kremer on Finance, Rev. A. R. Kremer on Nominations, and Rev. I. G. Brown on Ministerial Necrology.

Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier was appointed to aid the reporters of the daily press in reporting the proceedings of Synod.

The presence of Rev. Dr. Leach, of the M. E. Church, and J. L. Giam, of the U. B. Church, was announced.

A number of reports and communications were received and appropriately referred. The Treasurer submitted his annual report Receipts, \$666.08. Disbursements, \$214.25. Balance in Treasury, \$391.83. His reelection followed.

Rev. G. A. Whitmore, of the Pittsburgh Synod, appeared during the session on the floor of Synod, and was received as an advisory member.

[Continued].

## Church News.

### OUR OWN CHURCH.

#### SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

In connection with the fall communions held in the Centre Hall charge, Rev. S. M. Roeder, pastor, twenty-two persons were added by confirmation, four of whom received adult baptism, three by certificate and one by renewal of profession.

Rev. Dr. Geo. Wolff, in connection with the communion held in the church at Rebersburg, Pa., on the 9th of November, added thirteen persons to the Church by confirmation.

The licentiate, J. W. Mabry, has received a call from the church at Minersville, Schuylkill county, Pa.

#### SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The *Westmoreland Democrat*, of Greensburg, Pa., announces, that the Rev. John M. Titze, of Irwin, Pa., has accepted a call from the Altoona charge, Blair county, Pa., and purposes entering on the labors of his new field with the opening of the incoming year.

#### PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

The Licentiate R. C. Bowling, has accepted a call from the Emlenton charge, and has entered upon the duties of the pastorate. His post-office address is accordingly changed from Larimore Station, Westmoreland county, Pa., to Emlenton, Venango county, Pa.

#### WESTERN CHURCH.

Eighteen persons were added to the Church, in connection with the late communions in the charge of Rev. J. M. Grether, of Canton, Ohio, by confirmation, two of whom received adult baptism.

In connection with the communion held in the Church of the Cross, Salem, Ohio, of which the Rev. M. Loucks is pastor, on the 26th of October, two persons were added to the Church on certificate from the Presbyterian Church.

Three persons were added to the Wadsworth charge, Ohio, Rev. S. C. Goss, pastor, in connection with the late communions.

In connection with the late communions in the charge of the Rev. J. T. Hale, New Lisbon, Ohio, seven persons were added to the Church.

#### NOTICE.

The Peace Commission will meet in the Lecture Room of Salem Reformed Church, corner of Third and Chestnut Streets, Harrisburg, Pa., on Wednesday, Nov. 26th, 1879, at seven o'clock, P. M., agreeably to directions of General Synod.

The Stated Clerks of the various District Synods of the Reformed Church are hereby requested to forward certificates of the election of the Peace Commissioners, with the names of *Primarii* and *Secundi*, to the undersigned.

DAVID VAN HORNE,

No. 1140 Mt. Vernon St.,

Philadelphia, November 15th, 1879.

#### FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions, will be held at the house of Hon. R. F. Kelker, in the city of Harrisburg, Pa., on the 26th of November (Wednesday), at 2 (two), P. M. The members are earnestly requested to attend. Business of importance.

T. S. JOHNSTON,

Secretary.

#### ALMANACS FOR 1880.

Both editions of the English Almanac, for the East and the West, have been issued. The former can be obtained from the "Christian World" office at Dayton, Ohio, and the latter from the Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch street, Philadelphia. Orders will be promptly attended to. They will be sold at the following reduced rates:

12 copies,	\$0.60
50 "	2.35
100 "	4.50

When sent by mail, ten cents per dozen must be added for postage. A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

#### GERMAN ALMANAC.

We have procured a supply of the German Almanac published at Cleveland, Ohio, which will be sold at the same rates at which they can be procured from the publishers, namely: A single copy sent by mail on receipt of 12 cents in postage stamps; 1 dozen, 90 cents, to which 17 cents must be added for postage when sent by mail.

## Married.

Nov. 9th, 1879, at the Reformed parsonage in New Holland, Pa., by Rev. D. W. Gerhard, David F. High to Miss Fannie Seneis.

On the same day, at the same place, by the same, David Sauder, to Miss Fannie H. Burkholder, all of Lancaster, Pa.

Nov. 13th, 1879, at the residence of the bride's father, in New Holland, by Rev. D. W. Gerhard, Carpenter W. Bender, to Miss Alice O. Steffy.

Nov. 15th, 1879, at the Reformed parsonage in New Holland by Rev. D. W. Gerhard, Peter Buckwalter to Miss Mary Martin.

On the same day, at the same place, by the same, Rife P. Myers to Miss Sarah B. Esbenschade, all of Lancaster Co., Pa.

Nov. 12th, 1879, in Christ Reformed Church, Phila., by Rev. Geo. H. Johnston, Rev. S. C. Long of Clifton Junction, Iowa, to Miss M. Emma Longacre, of Phila.

At the Reformed parsonage in Jefferson, Nov. 9th, 1879, by Rev. S. P. Laury, Mr. Jacob Nace of North Codomo, York Co., to Miss Lizzie Meyer, of Jackson, York Co., Pa.

At the home of the bride's parents, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 11th, by Rev. E. H. Dieffenbacher, Luther Seward to Miss Amanda P. Laubach, of Hackettville, Kent Co., Del.

On Nov. 13, 1879, at the residence of the bride's brother, Elizabethtown, Pa., by Rev. J. H. Pannebocker, Dr. Samuel B. Nicely, of Harrisburg, Pa., to Miss Jennie Rodesecker, of Elizabethtown, Pa.

On the 11th inst., in New Berlin, by Rev. S. B. Kohler, Elder Frederick Bolander, of Buena Vista Stevenson Co., Ill., to Mrs. Diana Bogar, of New Berlin, Pa. (Christian World please copy.)

## Obituaries.

DIED.—At Sharpsburg, Md., Oct. 29th, 1879, Mrs. Mary Ann Early, aged 60 years, 11 months and 4 days.

DIED.—Near Mt. Moriah, Md., Oct. 23d, Charles David, child of Mr. & Mrs. David Martin, aged 1 year, 1 month and 25 days.

Those who knew Dr. Albert Hammond as a youth at Franklin and Marshall College, some few years since, will sincerely regret to learn of his early death, which took place at his home in Hagerstown, Md., Nov. 8th, 1879. These and other friends will be interested to know that he lived universally respected; that, in his brief career, he had already given promise of eminent usefulness in his profession; and that his death is considered a bereavement and loss not only by those to whom he was nearest, but also by many families to whom his services as a physician were invaluable, by the Church in which he was an officer, and by very many who had learned to esteem him for his many good and gentle qualities.

DIED.—Near Farmer's Mills, Centre Co., Pa., Oct. 29th, 1879, John Franklin, youngest son of John and Mary Jane Brown, aged 2 years, 8 months and 27 days.

## Acknowledgments.

Received in support of the young Japanese at Franklin and Marshall College.

Rev. W. H. Snyder,	\$3 00
" N. C. Schaeffer,	5 00
Mr. Cha's Santee,	5 00
A Lady near Milton,	5 00
Rev. Geo. M. Zacharias,	10 00
Mrs. Lute,	1 00
Several Ladies of the Evangelical Reformed	
Church of Frederick City, Md.,	20 00
Gen'l James C. Clark, New Orleans, La.,	10 00
Mr. N. B. Schmidt, Woodstock, Va.,	3 00
	\$64 00

Rev. F. Fox.

#### SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

##### BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

##### Receipts during October.

From McConnellsburg charge, per Rev. J. Alvin Reber, pastor,	\$1 15
Huntingdon charge, per Rev. A. G. Dole, pastor,	5 50
Middleburg Church, per Rev. J. H. Sykes, supply,	1 80
Sulphur Spring charge, per Rev. W. A. Gring, pastor,	10 00
Schellsburg Church, per Rev. H. S. Garner, pastor,	4 41
Buena Vista Church, per Rev. H. S. Garner, pastor,	5 74
Manchester charge, per Treasurer of Maryland Classis,	20 00
Mechanicsville charge, per Treasurer of Maryland Classis,	6 00
Hagerstown charge, per Treasurer of Maryland Classis,	22 00
Jefferson charge, per Treasurer of Maryland Classis,	11 00

Amount \$87 00

Mercersburg, Pa., } Wm. M. DEATRICH,  
Nov. 1st, 1879. } Treas. Board of Education.

#### LETTER LIST.

Addison, Rev. J. E. Ayer, N. W. & Son, Alabunga, J. Apple, Rev. T. G.  
Badger, J. Esq. Brinkerhoff, R. Balliet, L. Boyle, T. R. Beck, W. J. Bartholomew, Rev. A. K. Brown, W. N. Baer, Rev. C. Brown, Rev. I. G. Bensing, W. B. Bowman, Rev. J. C. Blackley, H. K. (3), Bauman, Rev. F. C. Clever, Rev. C. Crowl, J. Clemons, Rev. J. M. Derr, M. H. Donat, Rev. W. Derr, E. L. Dechant, Rev. G. B.  
Evans, Rev. J. M. Eagle, Rev. W. G. Fisher, A. S.  
Geise, F. Gerhart, Rev. H. L. Guth, A. J. J. Garner, Rev. H. L. Gonsler, A. German, E. S. & Sons, Graham, W. R. Gerhard, Rev. C. S.  
Hedman, Rev. C. U. Hoffman, J. R. Humphrey, D. Haus, C. E. Huber, Rev. T. A. Hawley, J. G. Hoffmeier, Rev. H. W. Huber, Rev. S. M. K. Hartzell, Rev. G. A. Hoffmeier, Rev. T. F. Hahn, Rev. F. B. Haderman, A. Esq.  
Johnston, Rev. T. S. D. D.  
Kimmer, A. C. Keyser, H. A. Keene, Rev. H. F. Kuhn, Rev. S.  
Landenslager, J. A. Loos, Rev. I. K. (2), Linderman, Rev. F. S. Laury, Rev. S. F. Lingenfelter, E. Lorch, Rev. J. V. Lynn, H. N. Lisinger, Trevelar & Co., Levy, P. Lefever, Rev. D. P. Leader, Rev. D. H. Leonard, Rev. G. H. Long, Rev. P. A. Loucks, Rev. M. Lunenbach, A. Landis, P. M. Long, W. L.  
Miller, J. (2), Miller, Rev. E. D. Miller, D. Metzger, Rev. B. S. Mauger, Rev. S. P. Mohney, F. C. McPherson, W. J. Miller, Rev. Dr. J. O.  
Novinger, Rev. J. A. North, J. M. North, W. G. Noss, Rev. J. G.  
Pontius, Rev. J. W. (2), Paffenberger, Mr. K.  
Reithrock, Rev. D. Rinker, J. P. Reiter, Rev. C. H. Schick, Rev. J. M. Shumaker, Rev. Dr. J. B. Steekel, Rev. L. D. Smith, Rev. J. A. Seacrest, E. Schwartz, C. H. Shoemaker, Rev. D. O. Shulenberger, Rev. A. Santee, Rev. Dr. Sykes, Rev. J. H. Snyder, Rev. N. Z. Strasburger, Rev. N. S. Shriver, H. Schwitzer, Rev. S. Schaeffer, Rev. N. C. Snyder, H. D. Smith, Dr. F. B. Sipe, P. Subuman, J. S. Shearer, L. V.  
Walter, C. A. Wagner, Rev. J. S. Wehr, S. T. Zehring,



## Youth's Department.

## KIND WORDS.

BY JUSTIN F. MCCARTHY.

By the banks of the river I wandered alone,  
And into the pure depths I dropped a small stone,  
It sank from my sight ere I went on my way  
As the eddying circles were fading away.

I passed by that spot in a day or two more,  
And the waters flowed on as I saw them before;  
But no ripple came over the surface so clear  
To tell that the pebble was still lying there.

So the harsh word from lips, perhaps unheeding  
will fall  
And sink to some gay heart, tho' tender withal,  
And the pain of that heart seems to pass in a  
sigh—

Yet the pang will remain, tho' unseen it may lie.  
There is many a rose that is fair to the view,  
And many a flower that retains its bright hue,  
But one drop of care to its core has found way,  
So, slowly and sadly, it sinks to decay.

Ah! there's many a heart which is with'ring  
away,  
And many a silent tear falls day by day,  
And the solace is sought not of friends who con-  
sole,

Tho' the dark surge of sorrow still sweeps o'er the  
soul.  
Oh! pluck not one petal from out a gay flower,  
To leave it to wither and die in an hour;  
Destroy not the bloom you can never restore,  
But cherish it fondly, by day more and more.

Rather speak the kind word to the nigh broken-  
hearted;  
Shed light on the soul from which joy has de-  
parted;  
Let the balm of sweet speech on the stricken heart  
fall,

Speak kindly to each one, or speak not at all.

## THE OLD MAN'S SUNSET HOME.

"Your old chair is very much in the way, grandpa; I wish you could be content to sit somewhere else besides at this west window," said a dashing-dressed young lady as she swept into the family sitting-room. She had not been long home from a fashionable French school in the city, where her selfishness, at least, seemed to have developed fully as much as was desirable.

"I came here because the sunshine was so pleasant, Sophia. 'Pears to warm up my stiff, old limbs better than the fire. I'll give you the place if you want, though."

"The window of your room is a west one; I ought to know, I think; it used to be mine."

"I know it is, Sophy, but it's kind of lonesome up there all alone. Guess I had better go back, though. Grandpa is always in the way, now, I am afraid," he said, sorrowfully, as he rose to leave.

"Where are you going, dear Grandpa?" said a brown-haired, sunny-faced young lady, who had just now glided into the room; "I have come on purpose to have a visit with you."

"I am going anywhere to be out of the way, Katy."

"Why, dearest grandfather, how can you talk so? No room is so cheerful and sacred in all the house as the one which your presence blesses. What have you been saying, Sophy?" she added, turning reproachfully toward her cousin.

"Nothing in the world worth making such a time about," said the young lady, sweeping hastily out of the room.

The seat by the window was resumed, and Kate drew a low rocking-chair very near it.

"I have been leaning on this arm till it is all asleep," said the old man. "Oh! just see," and unfastening the white wrist-band, she chafed the thin arm and hand till the customary circulation was restored.

"Thank you, Katy darling, it is well now. Grandpapa's fingers used to be as young and quick as yours. Don't seem so, does it? I don't think your hands are quite as white as your cousin Sophy's, but they are a thousand times prettier, in my opinion."

"Mine have to work, you see," said Kate, laughing; "it would not do for the little folks to go hungry at home, because sister was afraid cooking their dinner would brown her hands. George likes them just as well brown."

"He may well be thankful to get them any way. They are a treasure worth any man's aspirations."

"Shall I read to you, grandpa—I see you have a new book open—or shall we talk? I must go home to-morrow, you know."

"To-morrow? I had forgotten that. O, I am so sorry, so sorry!" he said, very sadly. "Don't read, Katy; talk, if I can only hear your voice one day longer. You are a ray of sunshine in this house, and you will be in any house you enter. May God bless my child!" he added, solemnly. "I shall be pretty lonesome when you are gone, I know I shall. There won't be any one to talk to then. Old people love to talk, Katy. Martha is kind to me and makes my room as pleasant as she can, but household cares and company take up all her time, so she can't talk to her poor old father much. Her husband is away attending to his business all day, so I don't see much of him either; and I am sure John and Sophia think me always in the way. I don't want to be a burden to anybody, Katy;" and a tear filled the mild, dim eye.

"No one could think so, dear grandfather. But I have seen all you mention in my long visit here, and now I have something to propose. No, I have a favor to beg, a request to make, on which my heart is set, and I want an assurance that you will not 'say nay.'"

"If there is any favor I can do my Katy, she need not be afraid of any nays."

"Well, then, you know that in a few weeks I shall have a home of my own; not a grand establishment like this, but a neat, pleasant cottage, suitable to George's income. Now, what I wish to ask is, will you not make us happy by sharing that home with us? George wishes it as much as I, and I am sure you will be happy with us. The cottage is far more like the old homestead than this splendid mansion. It will only be ten miles away: so you can ride over as often as you choose to see your daughter. Please say yes, grandpa."

Tears filled the old man's eyes again, but this time they were tears of pleasure. "My precious child, you don't know how much you are taking upon yourself. You don't know how much trouble an old man like me would be in a house."

"I do not know any such thing, I assure you; but I do know how much joy and comfort it would be to us, and what a real blessing your society would be, long days, when George's business calls him away from home. Indeed, I could not keep house without you, I am afraid; so we will understand that we have settled this point, will we not?"

"I shall be too happy to go any place on earth where you are, Katy, even to a strange town. I know most all the old people about you there in Horton, and it will seem enough more like home than this place, which is as strange to me now as it was five years ago, when I first came here. But what will Martha say, Katy? Can you tell?"

"I have talked with her all about it, and she consents, on condition that you ride over often."

The kind-hearted girl did not care to tell the eagerness with which the proposal had been accepted, "only for the children's sake," it was clearly to be understood.

And so the arrangements were made, and the month quickly rolled away. The little cottage had received its simple furniture, and the best room in it was fitted up for grandfather, as nearly like the old familiar home as possible. The light buggy drove over to A—, and in a few hours afterward the old man was walking hand in hand with his darling Katy over the establishment, listening with keen delight to all the little details; and at last, comfortably settled down in his easy chair, he talked with his new grandson over his pleasant home and future prospects till Katy called them to their tea. O, how sweet that simple board appeared with its snowy cloth and white tea-set; its light biscuit, fresh butter, stewed cherries and plain cake! The burnished silver and cut glass of the home he had just left, never looked half so beautiful; and with a full heart he bowed his silvery head and asked God's blessing on their evening meal.

An old-time friend was asked in to spend the evening, and a lively conversation was sustained till long after his

customary hour for retiring. He seemed ten years younger when he took his place at breakfast next morning.

"Are we too early for you, sir?" said George, "I was afraid we were."

"Not a bit; I never sleep a wink after five o'clock. Early rising is all important to young people just setting out in life, and I am glad you have the habit."

When the meal was ended, the morning hymn was sung, and an earnest prayer for God's direction and protecting care through the day was offered; then the young physician started on his daily rounds.

"I give the little home into your charge to-day, grandfather. Don't let Katy get lonely or work too hard scrubbing imaginary dirt off the wood-work," he added, with a smile at his wife's scrupulous neatness. "If the gardener should come, could you talk with him a little, and direct about the plan of the garden? Kate does not know much about such things, I believe."

"I should delight to do it," said the old man, a bright smile coming into his face at the idea of his possibly being of any service in the world again; "I was a master-hand at making a garden in my day."

The day was warm, and the old man spent most of his time out of doors, superintending the Englishman's operations, who listened respectfully to all his suggestions, and obeyed them strictly. The day's work was most satisfactory on all sides; and when night came, Katy's delicious tea was taken with a relish he had not known for many months, and his sleep was sound and sweet.

All summer long the garden was his pride and pleasure. The care of the beds was assumed by him, and the satisfaction with which he brought Katy the very earliest vegetables of the season, it made the household happy to witness. When George came home at sunset it was such a source of joy to have him and Katy walk around the beds, and admire the results of his skill and care. Then, too, the neighbors, as they passed, loved to stop a little while, and leaning their folded arms against the paling, talk with the cheery old gentleman about his beautiful garden, and tell him what a "likely, promising young man" his grandson was, and how much the people loved and respected him.

In short, he had just the home he needed to make his old age peaceful and happy. Katy's infinite tact never allowed his mind time for gloom, or for feeding on itself; but would ever, apparently without an effort, start some pleasant train of thought, which should divert it from a melancholy channel. He was loved most deeply and tenderly, and treated with the respect and deference due to his years. The sweet country air, and the constant sunshine in his breast, made him grow young and hale again, and the sunset of his life was one long, gentle, summer twilight.—*Sunbeam.*

## WANT OF POINT—A NICE POINT.

An ingenious expedient was devised to save a prisoner charged with robbery, in the criminal Court, at Dublin. The principal thing that appeared in evidence against him was a confession, alleged to have been made by him at the police office, and taken down by a police officer. The document purporting to contain the self-incriminating acknowledgment, was produced by the officer, and the following passage was read from it:

"Mangan said he never robbed but twice."

Said it was Crawford."

This, it will be observed, has no mark of the writer's having any notion of punctuation, but the meaning he attached to it was, that

"Mangan said he never robbed but twice;

Said it was Crawford."

Mr. O'Gorman, the counsel for the prisoner, begged to look at the paper. He perused it, and rather astonished the peace-officer by asserting, that so far from its proving the man's guilt, it clearly established his innocence.

"This," said the learned gentleman,

"is the fair and obvious reading of the sentence:

'Mangan said he never robbed; But twice said it was Crawford.'"

This interruption had its effect on the jury, and the man was acquitted.

## WHAT IS THE TONGUE FOR?

"Since God made the tongue, and He never makes anything in vain, we may be sure He made it for some good purpose. What is it, then?" asked a teacher one day of his class.

"He made it that we may pray with it," answered one boy.

"To sing with," said another.

"To talk to people with," said a third.

"To recite our lessons with," replied another.

"Yes; and I will tell you what He did not make it for. He did not make it for us to scold with, to lie with, or to swear with. He did not mean that we should say unkind or foolish, indecent or impatient words with it. Now boys, think every time you use your tongues, if you are using them in the way God means you to. Do good with your tongues, not evil. It is one of the most useful members in the whole body, although it is so small. Please God with it every day."—*Ex.*

## HEAVIEST, TALLEST AND OLDEST MEN.

The tallest men of whom record is made were a German named Hans Bar and a Hungarian soldier, name not given, who lived several centuries ago, each of them being eleven feet high; their weight is not known. The heaviest man of whom record is made was Miles Darden, the Tennessee giant, who was seven and one-half feet high, and weighed over one thousand pounds; he died in 1857. Daniel Lambert, the English "mass of flesh," was five feet and eleven inches in height, and weighed seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. In 1565 there was buried at Bengal, India, a man named Cugua, who claimed to be three hundred and fifty years of age. The oldest person who died during the present century was a Frenchman in Paris, named Jean Golembeski, who was one hundred and twenty-six years old. A man named David Kurnison died in Chicago in 1851, who claimed to be one hundred and sixteen years old.

## THE FIRST ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

BY EMMA E. BROWN.

'Twas a bleak, bitter day in November;  
The sheep huddled close in the fold,  
But houseless and friendless, a beggar  
Crouched down in the rain and the cold  
By the great brazen gate of the city  
As Martin, the soldier, came by—  
Brave Martin whose marvellous weapons  
Nor demon, nor man, durst defy!

Yet tender his heart as a woman's;  
And seeing the beggar, he cried:  
"Poor brother! no gold can I give thee,  
But look, I will gladly divide  
My cloak, for the half would be better  
Than none, on this pitiless day!"  
And seizing his sabre, he cut it  
In twain—so the legends say—

And wrapping the half of the mantle  
About the poor shivering form,  
The beggar forgot he was hungry,  
Forgot the bleak wind and the storm,  
For down on the rain-sodden pavements  
Where only the dead leaves had been,  
And over the mist-shrouded mountains  
There came a strange glory just then.

The summer, retracing her footsteps,  
Touched all things, below and above,  
Till the whole gloomy world was transfigured  
Because of that one deed of love.  
And now when in dreary November  
There comes a warm, sunshiny day,  
The Normandy peasants will tell you,  
"St. Martin is passing this way!"  
—*Wide Awake.*

## HOW QUAILS ARE CAUGHT IN ITALY.

"The Neapolitans have their shooting season as well as the English, and it is now at its height. If they cannot boast of grouse, they do of quails, and these are coming in by thousands. If you cast your eye round the Bay you will see that along every mountain top is stretched a net, or series of nets, attached to poles of a great height. They have long been in course of preparation—perhaps since the 12th of August, for who knows when the foreign visitors will come in? They are as capricious as many human travelers, and are regulated by unseen atmospheric influences. A clear sky and a gentle southeasterly

wind seem to be the best conditions for their journey, just such as we had last night; and as soon as it is dark the watchers and their friends assemble at the *parata* on which each net is erected, waiting with anxious expectation. It is a festive occasion, so much so that at times the jollity is greater than caution demands. The wind is found to be somewhat too high, so down come the nets. But there is a lull; there is a rush in the air and up go the tents again, and one hears a 'puff, puff' as the poor birds are intercepted. Every now and then there is a haul down to secure the prisoners and then haul up. This goes on till the morning, when the enemy appears in double force. A crowd of peasants have assembled, who shout till they are hoarse in order to drive the birds into their nets, so that from the dawn of day there is no repose for any one within a mile of the *parata*. Beside these there is an army of sportsmen armed with guns, many of which no prudent man would touch. But let them keep at a certain distance from the nets, as the law commands, or they will be denounced or receive some personal injury. Attached to every net is a cage full of blind quails as decoys for the visitors. They have had their eyes pierced by a red-hot wire, and their melancholy plaints, mistaken for singing, woo many a bird to its doom. I know many a priest who has one hundred and fifty of these mutilated birds, and is consequently one of the most successful sportsmen of the locality. What a priest does cannot be wrong, and his example is pretty generally followed."—*London Times.*

## Pleasantries.

When Benjamin Franklin was an editor, he was in the habit of writing to the young ladies who sent in poetry, saying in honeyed language that, owing to the crowded state of his columns, etc., but he would endeavor to circulate their productions in manuscript; and then he tied the poems to the tail of his kite for "bobs."

Meeting a newsboy whose face was scarred with scratches, and looked like a map of some great railroad centre, a *Register* reporter asked the youngest what the matter was. "Feller spoke disrespectful of my sister; said he'd bet she was cross-eyed, and I sailed in." "Is your sister cross-eyed?" asked the reporter. "Hain't got no sister," was the reply. "It was the principle of the thing what I got licked for."—*Des Moines Register.*

Dimbled sheeks mit eyes of blue,  
Mout' like id was moist mit dew,  
Und leedle teeth shust peekin' droo—  
Dot's der baby.

Curly hed, und full off glee,  
Drowers all out at der knee—  
He vas peen blayn' horse, you see—  
Dot's leedle Otto.

Von hundord-seexy in der shade,  
Der oder day ven she vas veighed—  
She beats me soon I vas avraid—  
Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed hed, und poety stoudt,  
Mit grooked legs dot vill bend outd,  
Fond off his bier und sauer kraut—  
Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full of fun,  
Von leedle pright-eyed, reguulish son,  
Von frau to greet ven vork vas done—  
Dot's mine familly.

Last evening, just before sundown, says the *Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle*, a gentleman who was sitting by his window on North B. street, casually remarked:

"There goes the woman that George Brown's dead gone on."

His wife, who was in a back room getting supper ready, dropped a plate on the floor, stumbled over the baby, and ran like a quarter horse to the window with:

"Where? where? Tell me quick!"

"The one with the long cloak—just at the corner."

Then the woman at the window said in tones of deep disgust:

"Why, that's Brown's wife."

"Yes, exactly," remarked the brutal husband quietly.

Then the disappointed woman went back and got the supper ready, but her usually sweet disposition was soured for the entire evening.







## General News.

## HOME.

A tenement house in New York was burned last week. Four persons perished in the flames, and a fifth was killed by jumping from a window.

The Old Catholics are about to begin a branch of their Church at New Orleans. Thus far nothing has been done by them in America, and in Europe their existence has been confined to the Continent. The Rev. T. A. Vaudry will have charge of the work in New Orleans, and he is encouraged to believe that a large number of Catholics in that city are ready to join the movement. The chief points of distinction, it may here be said, between the Old Catholics and the Roman Catholics are these: The Old Catholics reject the dogmas of Papal Infallibility and the Immaculate Conception, and also reject auricular confession, paid masses, worship of the Virgin, compulsory celibacy of the priesthood, transubstantiation and the persecution of heretics. Their services are conducted in the language of the worshippers.

The printing establishment of *The Churchman*, in Lafayette Place, was destroyed by fire on the 14th inst., and many employees barely escaped with their lives. In *The Churchman* composing-rooms there were forms of *Spirit of Mission*, *Young Christian Soldier*, *Samaritan* and a paper published for the Bible Society ready for press, *Young Christian Soldier* and *Samaritan* belonging to the Domestic and Foreign Mission Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church. These were lost. The total loss by fire was estimated at \$65,000. Rev. Dr. M. H. Mallory, publisher of *The Churchman*, said that his own loss would amount to about \$55,000. The rear building, which was entirely destroyed, was worth \$30,000, and its contents were valued at \$25,000. Large presses in the basement were believed to be saved from destruction, but they were much damaged. The building and contents were insured for about \$50,000 in New England companies, but, as his brother had placed the insurance, he could not name the companies policies had been issued by.

Sudden changes of the weather often cause Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will allay irritation, which induces coughing, oftentimes giving immediate relief.

EVERYBODY NEEDS after the exhaustion of the day a stimulant that is nourishing as well as warming. Nothing is so well suited for this purpose as Cocoa or Chocolate. That prepared by Walter Baker & Co. has the highest reputation of any in the market.

MOTHERS, make your children happy, buy them each a pair of Solers & Co.'s Celebrated Protection Toe Shoes. The only place they can be bought is of the manufacturers, Solers & Co., 636 Arch Street, Phila.

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DR. J. H. VINCENT writes, April 16, 1879, in answer to the question of a friend:

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